



A Daddy for Maddy (Little Mister Perfect Series Book 2)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Oops. Just got caught by my roommate while I'm wearing nothing but my birthday suit. Also, I was in an embarrassing pose and acting like a baby.

He tells me he already knew.

He tells me boys and littles (littles? What are littles?) are all the rage at his favorite kink club.

The following evening, he insists I go with him to the club. The first man I see there is a handsome bouncer who gives me a menacing look. It's as if he has instant hate for me. Yet I can't get him out of my mind.

Later that night, Mr. Menacing re-enters my life in a way that has me all but begging for him to be my first-ever daddy.

Please, to all the tubby-soaker, stuffie-hugging, diaper-wearing, daddy-loving gods of the universe, let this first time be perfect. Let me finally have the daddy of my dreams and I'll be a good boy forever.

Total Pages (Source): 23

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:29 am

Maddy

My roommate Dan knocked and then, without waiting for a response, opened my bedroom door and walked in.

I'd forgotten to turn the lock.

Fudge and H. E. double hockey sticks! I was caught!

“What the?—?”

I rolled to the side of my bed on top of my huge pile of dragons, unicorns and magic Squishmallow kitties. I wasn't embarrassed about being naked. No. It was the toys that had me blushing all over, mortified that Dan would laugh at me, and my life with my roommate and sometimes friend would never be the same. I'd never outed my baby self before to anyone.

Instead, Dan leaned his heavily muscled arm against my doorframe, raised an eyebrow and said, “You know, kid.” He ran his hand through his thick, wavy bangs. “Daddy/boy kink is the in thing at Club 99.” He lifted his chin. “Now you have no excuses left not to go with me.”

“Wh—what kink?” I pretended ignorance, though I had a floppy white unicorn pressed to my crotch to hide my junk.

He rolled his eyes. “You don't need to pretend with me anymore.”

I bit the inside of my lower lip and sent him my most thunderous look.

“Do you think you’re the only gay boy who plays with baby things? You’d be very much in demand. There are more daddies than boys. No more denial, Maddy. And no more whining that you’re desperately single. You’ll have your pick of the lot.”

Before I could say a word in response, he took a step back into the hall and shut my door. Gently.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Colin

“Okay, Stewart. Fifteen-minute break. No longer than that. I don’t want to catch you smoking in the alley with your friends for half an hour anymore.”

“Got it.”

Stewart darted away, surprisingly graceful for someone so large. I was teaching him the tricks of bouncing. For a popular kink club, it was not always an easy job.

He was too young in my opinion, too hot-headed, but I couldn’t argue with the supervisor’s choices. I wasn’t a part of the hiring and firing. But Stewart was not a good fit for this job. He’d obviously been hired for his size alone and I did have to admit if any fights or other dramas broke out, I felt stronger with him around. I was pretty big myself, but he was like a wall towering behind me wherever I went. That was, when I could locate him. A chain smoker, he had a talent for slipping out back when no one was looking.

My phone dinged. Outside the club, I’d learned to mostly ignore it. But at work, I had to look. It was a text.

Unknown: Still and always an asshole. Think you’re the boss of everyone?

I had been getting these texts for months. I always blocked the sender, but the texts kept coming at random intervals from different numbers.

This sort of annoyance came with the job. I had to toss people, literally, into the street

if they got too riled up, then ban them from Club 99. I had to keep the files on the banned subjects and update those files to security, who I worked with closely. It was my job to remember faces and names as much as it was theirs, and people got pissed. Rare death threats were part of the job, but they usually amounted to nothing and stopped after a few days. If things got really heavy, Trent Winterbourne stepped in and the problem went away, no questions asked.

Trent was often abroad and ran Club 99 long-distance. I had managed to reach him and talk to him about the texting harassment. He'd shown concern and told me to never erase the texts and to copy and make files of them. He supposedly had people looking into it, but it had been at least three months and I'd had no updates. But I kept saving the texts, updating the files, etc.

My phone dinged again.

I glanced at it through half-shut eyes, but this time it was a legit check-in. Carlo, head of security.

Carlo:Declan needs muscle in the shibari room.

I radioed Jimmy, who was stationed at the far end of the dance floor. Together, we took off at a near-run for the room.

I heard raised voices and yelling as soon as we entered the hall. Half-dressed men hanging out moved aside as we hustled past them.

Upon entering the room, we saw a beautiful naked male on the ground surrounded by several people moving quickly to get some intricately knotted ropes undone. The man was moaning, crying. "I can't feel my legs."

"Get them off now!" some guy yelled.

Another said, “Dammit, we’re moving as fast as we can.”

I looked to see that the man on the floor was alive, not bleeding. Past that, I didn’t know what was wrong.

“Hey!” My voice boomed, getting everyone’s attention. “Get this man some water and get those off him. Now!”

“We’re trying!” one of the men yelled back.

The sub’s arms came loose and he sat up, rubbing at his wrists. “I told you it was too tight!” He started wailing.

Another man said softly, “He’s always whining like this. Every time.”

He must’ve been the guy’s dom.

“It doesn’t matter. The sub is in control. Don’t you have a safe word?”

The dom and sub both nodded. The dom said, “He didn’t use it.”

The sub spoke between heaving breaths. “I couldn’t feel my feet much later in the scene. By then it was too late for a safe word.”

“If you don’t know what you’re doing, you stay away.” I wanted to lecture them. It was inside me to let them have it, everything that was on my mind. I was tired and stressed and sometimes these men confounded me, playing in ways they didn’t have any clue about. It meant safety was not always their first concern even though they signed a contract when they became club members to make safety their priority.

I knelt beside the sub. He was gorgeous, his body tight and lean and brown; the rope

had left dark pink stripes all over him. He had long, dark hair that fell like satin against his back. It was disarmingly sexy.

I looked up at Jimmy. Declan was nowhere around even though Carlo had told me he was the one who needed the help in this room.

“Jimmy, call the medic.”

Jimmy put his radio to his mouth and turned away.

“I can’t feel my legs or my feet. I can’t stand up. I told you they were too tight.” Tears rolled down the sub’s face as he looked up at a man who was beefy and hard-looking. “What if my circulation doesn’t come back?”

“It will,” I said, trying to lower my voice. “We have a medic coming. What’s your name?”

“Candy.”

“You’ll be fine, Candy.”

I wondered why I was doing the comforting and not his dom. Oh well, it wasn’t my job to judge beyond the incident at hand.

The patient was turned over to the on-duty nurse. Jimmy and I carried Candy between us. We got him up a flight of stairs to the medical room, which I’d always thought needed to be on the first floor, but no one ever listened to me.

The medic began a massage sequence that had Candy calming down in seconds. He reported feeling was returning to his legs.

The incident required a report which I would file at the end of the night. In the meantime, I went back to my station by the door only to realize Stewart was not around. It was well past his fifteen-minute break.

Teeth gritted, I radioed for him to come back. When he walked up, his head was down. I smelled smoke all over his clothes. Then, I heard my phone ding. I had no more energy to deal with him, so I said nothing at about his half hour break.

When I looked at my phone, a new text blinked at me.

Unknown:Hey asshole. Do you get off on what you do for a living as some sort of twisted kink?

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Maddy

“I’m scared.” We had just walked through the front doors of Club 99. It was my first time.

“Why are you afraid?” Dan asked. “Even the club’s owner, Trent Winterbourne, has a boy. He’s all eccentric and shit, too.”

I looked up at Dan’s relaxed face. He was always so sure of himself, so secure. I envied that. “He does? Like the owner is a real daddy?”

“Yep. At least, he is now. A real daddy.”

“How do you know?”

“Warning. Gossip rules this place. Everyone talks about the day Trent yanked a boy away from his abusive daddy and whisked him off to his haunted mansion.”

“What? A haunted mansion? Now I’m really scared.”

Dan laughed. “You’re such a little, Maddy.”

“I thought I was a boy. Or a baby. What’s a little?”

Dan only laughed harder. “A little is a special kind of boy, like you. It’s what we call boys who act very young. They’re going to love you.”

Little. I liked the sound of it. It definitely fit me.

Still, sometimes I didn't like Dan. He was a great roommate and friend and all, but he was always so vague, assuming I knew what he was talking about all the time as if I had some ability to read his mind. Being his friend was like a constant game of twenty questions and this conversation was sort of embarrassing.

Plus, he was super handsome and, while he wasn't my type personality-wise, I was a little jealous of his looks.

As soon as we got through security and walked through Club 99's entrance, heads turned his way. All but one.

He looked my way.

He had thick, dark wavy hair that reflected in the track lighting. His face was the kind that might be described in a romance novel as "chiseled and classic." The white button-up he wore was turned up at the sleeves all the way to his elbow revealing muscled forearms sprinkled with tattoos. Black wool trousers completed the look, which surprised me because most everyone, including Dan, was in some type of leather outfit.

Not me, though. I wore my comfy stone-washed jeans with holes in the knees and a tight white t-shirt with a sparkle rainbow on the chest. I hugged my floppy, white velvet unicorn, Kornie, tight to me. Dan had told me to bring him.

"Trust me. You'll get so much attention you won't know which way is up," Dan said, as if he didn't notice all the attention was on him. He never had trouble finding hookups.

I didn't quite trust his words, but I had the attention of at least one person.

I glanced back at the stranger. The muscles of his face hardened, making him look menacing but still very good looking. Suddenly, he looked mad. My heart nearly stopped. I grabbed at Dan's leather vest and stepped up on my tiptoes at his shoulder. "I wanna go home."

He flipped his shoulder-length hair. "Already?"

"Yes, please."

"No way." He turned. "What's wrong?"

I leaned up again and whispered, "That guy by the door is practically snarling at me."

Dan laughed. "Oh. Don't worry. That's normal. He's a bouncer. There're a bunch of them. They back up security when things get a bit wild. It's to keep things safe." He chuckled. "You stay out of their way and they stay out of yours."

My heart plummeted. I really wanted to go home but Dan was my ride. It was all a huge mistake. Dan seemed so much at ease here. He wasn't going to want to leave for hours. Longer if he met someone. If he wanted to go home with them, then what? I was stupid for not thinking that far ahead.

Of course, I could always call for a ride, but my funds were at the bare minimum right now. Dan had paid for everything so far tonight. If I could just hang on, maybe the night would improve.

I dared another quick glance at the menacing bouncer. He was still staring at me with eyes like thunder. A chill went over me. I could tell he disapproved of me. His gaze rested on Kornie in my arms, and he rolled his eyes.

So much for Dan telling me I'd be accepted. I hoped Kornie didn't see that or he'd

get hurt feelings.

But then again, this rude guy wasn't a patron. He was staff. Dan was right. I didn't have to worry about anyone like him unless I made trouble.

On an uncontrolled impulse, I stuck my tongue out at the guy. Instantly, my face reddened at my horrid behavior. His look grew even harder, and he turned away as if to communicate he was above such immature antics.

The worst thing of all was he was my type. Kinda mysterious, kinda sharp-edged, kinda powerful with dark eyes that could see right through me. That type was everything I'd wanted to be as a kid but wasn't. Or maybe it was just everything I wanted, period. My fantasies sure were full of square-jawed no-nonsense men who could flip me over their shoulders with effortless grace.

I determined to put the image of the disapproving bouncer behind me and followed Dan deeper into the club.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Colin

The kid had barely taken ten steps into the club before he was sticking his tongue out at me as he hid behind his handsome daddy.

Rude littles annoyed me. That pretty much counted for all of them. Yet I was still drawn to that dynamic. It was fucked up, but I'd had some of my best sex with spoiled, whiny littles.

I sent this little my hardest glare, then watched him cower.

It was immensely satisfying.

My phone dinged. I swept my thumb up the screen.

Unknown: You know you're a fucking asshole, right?

I sighed loudly. More texts for my file.

I took a moment to put in for a call to Mr. Winterbourne so I could ask him if he had any updates on this problem. I got a message back immediately from one of his assistants who said he'd scheduled a call for us for Monday at ten a.m.

This was the longest anyone had ever harassed me.

I glanced about the club, looking for anyone suspicious or familiar. I often thought whoever was doing this might be someone who had been banned but returned to the

club under a disguise, or who I might've had a run-in with in one of the playrooms. I was determined to figure this out.

As I scanned the crowd, I realized the impossibility of my task. Half the guys at the bar were on their phones. On the dance floor, more men than I could count had their phones out and were texting as their sweating, hard bodies swayed to the industrial beat. Everyone looked suspicious in my line of work. I'd seen it all, broken up more fights than there were days in the year. I'd learned not to trust humans when they drank too much, were high on hormones, and fell into their favorite kink roles.

Just then, the mountain that was Stewart walked up. "I'm only ten minutes late for work. There was lots of traffic. Sorry."

I wouldn't have known if he hadn't said anything. But he was young and naive. And not very bright.

"So you'll work ten minutes past end of shift and it's solved."

"But my shift ends when the club closes. Do I just stand around?"

"I don't know. Wipe down a counter or something."

"But that's a cleaning staff job."

"I'm sure they won't mind the help."

He actually had the audacity to pout. I didn't want to look at his face, so I sent him on rounds. That meant he had to check out every corner of the club, including every playroom. If he was thorough, he'd be gone for at least forty-five minutes. If he was lazy, and stopped to chat, he'd be gone double that time. Either way was a win for me.

I did arove myself over to the bar and stage area. The flogging stage was the busiest, with a long line of volunteers waiting to be strapped to the pole. The rude, flirty little with the Adonis daddy was nowhere to be seen. Flogging didn't seem like his thing. He had the eyes of a greenie, what we staff members called newcomers.

He and his daddy had no doubt gone off to the littles playroom. I'd probably never see him again.

As I had that thought, I spotted him. Greenie nursed what looked like a Coke as he hugged his plushie unicorn to his chest. He and his daddy were less than fifteen feet away.

While still clinging to his daddy's leather vest, the boy brazenly looked me up and down. I kept up my stare.

He actually jumped back as if struck. Then squeaked.

What a little gremlin. I squinted hard at him. His pretty pink mouth fell open with a look of shock.

Such a baby.

His daddy was oblivious, pulling him back through the crowd until I lost sight of them both.

Fuck. If he were mine, he wouldn't be flirting with other men. And he wouldn't be sticking his tongue out, that's for sure, not unless he wanted to use it. I'd keep that one on a leash.

As I predicted, Stewart came back from his rounds an hour and a half later. I didn't ask him why it had taken so long. I didn't really care. As long as he was on his feet

scoping things out, he was doing his job. Somewhat.

“Anything to report?” I asked.

“Not much. There’s a lot of activity in one of the orgy rooms. Not just participants, but a huge crowd. Over the room’s capacity. Security’s on the door right now not letting anyone else in until people disperse a bit.”

“Okay. There must be a party. Or...” I tried to think if I saw anyone famous come in during the evening. My mind was a blank. “If someone well-known is involved, then that’s a concern to be watched.”

We had celebrity members. Most kept low profiles on purpose if kink wasn’t part of their brand, and they often rented private rooms and private partners to get what they wanted. But it depended on the type of person. If the celeb was a porn star, they might be more narcissistic and love the added attention. That sort of thing did attract the crowds, especially the voyeurs. I understood that, but those situations needed to be monitored closely.

“I think it might be someone famous involved.”

I nodded.

“It’s really busy out there,” Stewart continued. “A lot of the rooms are packed.”

“Do another round then.”

“Sure. See ya.”

My radio chirped. “Go for Colin.”

“Heads up.” It was Mel from the security office. “Cameras spotted one Franklin Deal out front. He’s on the banned list. Cuddles is on duty at the door and he might not notice and let him pass.”

“I’m on it.”

Cuddles had worked at the club for several years, but was new on door duty. He was still learning the banned list. He had a portfolio of photos on hand, but who had time to check them for every person coming in? Usually, security computers upstairs caught them.

I moved to the foyer and saw Cuddles busy checking newcomers in, scanning phones for their passes. Cuddles was a young, energetic twink, a teddy bear of a guy adorable as could be with an always upbeat mood. He loved to hug anyone who would let him as he greeted them, friends and strangers alike. He hugged hard and long and very sweet. It wasn’t a shallow gesture. He meant it and he loved everyone. Thus, his nickname.

I stood behind him.

He looked up at me from the tall chair where he sat. “Something up?”

“Yeah. A BF outside.” BF was our short term for anyone who was banned forever.

Cuddles got up and opened the door. We both peered out into the empty street. The lampposts shed a white light that gave the road a shine it didn’t really have. The air was cool, smelling slightly of smoke and exhaust.

No one was around at the moment. People came and went from the club in groups, but ordinary foot traffic was rare. We were on a side street for privacy. And customers who wanted smoke breaks were not allowed to loiter at the front. We had a

private screened in patio area for them out the side doors of the bar.

Cuddles looked at me. “The last group that came through was a foursome of leather dudes. They were all very polite.”

“I’m not sure what security saw, then.”

“Who is it?”

I went to Cuddles’ podium and brought out the official notebook. We had all that information on digital, too, but the book was right there with eight by ten photos. I thumbed through to Franklin’s snapshot. “This guy.”

“Oh. Okay. I’ll keep an eye out.”

“Thanks.”

It was all I could do about the situation. Now Cuddles knew who to look for.

I went back to my post at the other end of the foyer where I could see everything going on at the bar, on the stages and on the dance floor. I saw Jimmy stationed at the far security exit and waved to him. He waved back.

For the amount of people here tonight, it was relatively quiet on the drama front.

I checked in with the security office about Franklin.

They replied right away. “Yeah, he met a group leaving the club and went with them into the parking garage, so maybe he won’t be back.”

“Let’s hope so.”

My job required a lot of standing and observation and checking in with others. It might have seemed boring to some, but it never was. Time went by fast. I loved the work. The whole atmosphere of the club felt like home to me. And I got to ogle as many charismatic, good-looking guys as I wanted.

Still, I couldn't get that tongue-wagging baby boy out of my mind. He had been hugging that stuffed unicorn like it was magical protection. Protection from what? Such a brat. The way he had looked at me like I was scary or something—that got my loins slightly warm. Cute littles with wide eyes could be quite the draw here. Like puppies. Who didn't like a puppy, especially when it was shy or scared?

My phone dinged.

Unknown: Ass for brains. I see what you do all the time and you don't even know I'm around. How does that make you fucking feel?

Yet one more sent off to the file. I took a deep breath. It could be a regular. It could be a stranger. Hell, it could be someone on staff for all I knew.

I glanced about the club, but it was no use. I had to keep paranoia at bay. Paranoia was the enemy; it made me weak. It was no use worrying. Just be vigilant, I told myself.

I always was.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Maddy

Club 99 was more popular than I'd expected. I'd had an image in my mind of it being some dingy, dark bar with canned music and guys giving blowjobs in the hallways by the bathrooms, and maybe a couple of dingy kink rooms where people got naked and did public SM sex things.

Instead, it looked to be a huge and thriving social club scene with a huge bar and dance floor, and gorgeous scantily clad boys dancing on three different stages. One stage was set up with a flogging post. People stood in line to participate. Two lines, actually. One for floggers and one for floggees. The current guy getting flogged looked anything but submissive. He was hugging the post and calling out commands. He wore nothing but skinny black bikini briefs that rode up his ass cheeks, and the flesh on his back looked red and glistening, but he seemed happy enough.

There was a line at the bar where Dan headed first. The dance floor was filled with bodies and lots of leather. Leather and bare skin and sweat on dancing, gyrating bodies where the dim gold-pink lights flashed made everything look overly sexy and hot.

Dan got me a simple rum and Coke. He was a generous guy and I appreciated it. But I still looked around wondering where I, not to mention Kornie, fit in.

Dan winked. "Baby room, Maddy. This way."

I frowned, looking at the rum drink in my hand. "I'm not a baby." For some reason I still didn't want to admit it to him. And I disliked him calling me that word even if he

was right.

“You’re not? Then why are you walking around with a stuffed unicorn in your arms?”

I wanted to stomp my foot at him, but he’d already turned his back on me.

We had to fight our way through the crowd, which pushed us back toward the entrance.

And there he was again. Mister Menacing. With his sleeves rolled up and his tanned forearms sprinkled with what I could now see were tattoo stars and tiny blazing comets and crescent moons. Kornie had the same types of stars and moons on his satin horn, and on his hooves. They both matched.

I couldn’t help but stare. When my gaze rose to Mister Menacing’s face, he was staring back.

I jumped a bit and maybe I let out a little sound like an “eep.” Whatever I did, it was embarrassing because his mouth went tight and turned down, and he gave me a mean squint.

I gasped and grabbed Dan’s leather vest again, letting him lead me deeper into the more private sections of the club.

What was it with that bouncer guy? That was twice now that he’d rattled me without a word. I knew sticking my tongue out at him earlier wouldn’t win me any favors, but my stomach tensed and fluttered with a weird, empty feeling like need. Or want.

The psychic vibe here was strong. That had to be what it was. So many men drinking and looking for hookups in close proximity were bound to affect a person’s libido.

I noted as we got deeper into the club there were at least two halls that led to various rooms. Dan dragged me down one hall. I slowed as we passed each door that was open; I was feeling naughty and wanted to spy.

The rooms were far from dingy, as I'd earlier expected. They looked clean and orderly; several were quite crowded.

In one room, two well-muscled guys were hanging from the ceiling bound in an elaborate decoration of ropes. In another, guys were strapped to tables, some face-down, some face-up, receiving spankings or hand jobs or more. In yet another, there were several Saint Andrew's Crosses set up, all being used for flogging, which appeared to be a lot more intense and naked than the flogging on the stage by the dance floor.

I wanted to go slower. I wanted to see, to watch. But Dan seemed to be in a hurry. I knew he liked both being flogged and getting flogged, but beyond that I hadn't asked him for more details. Maybe he was in a hurry because he wanted to make use of one of those rooms?

I felt bad that I was a burden to him, and decided I would go wherever he took me and be fine with that so he could leave and do whatever he liked.

We came to a set of double doors. Dan opened one side so I could peek in. What I saw made my mouth drop open.

Colorful toys were scattered around a large blue carpeted play area. Trucks, race cars, games, blocks, stuffies. Pink, blue and green beanbag chairs sat in every space. There were low tables where boys could sit and do puzzles and color. Against one long wall three couches lined up where several men, again most wearing leather, sat overlooking the scene.

More than half a dozen boys sat on the floor playing, or ran about the room giggling and shouting at each other. It was quite apparent they knew each other from times before. Most of the boys were dressed in shorts or onesies. One was in diapers. I secretly liked diapers. Seeing him made me feel more okay about myself.

Shelves along the wall facing the couches held more toys and books. I wanted a closer look and pushed at Dan to get my foot in the doorway.

“I thought you’d like this room,” Dan said, stepping back. His grin was so wide it showed his teeth.

He was right. But he didn’t have to be such a butthead about it.

“Want to go in?”

“Sure. You know, just to look around.”

“Of course.”

I stepped through the doorway and felt some pressure in my mind break free. Back in the bar and overlooking the dance floor, I hadn’t quite felt comfortable. But in here, I could relax, be myself. I hugged Kornie tightly to my chest and walked into the room.

I went straight for the shelves, wanting to see the books and games. And also, the stuffies. I wasn’t going to touch them. Who knew who might have put their grubby hands on them before today, or what they would have done with them? But the room was super clean and everything looked brand new.

Dan followed behind me. “Hey, do you think you might like to stay in here for a while?”

“Sure. I’m fine. I don’t need a babysitter.”

“Uh, right. So you say.” He clasped his hands together. “Then it’s okay if I go scout around for a while?”

“Sure it’s okay. I know you have other interests here. Go ahead. I’ll be fine.”

“Well, if you do leave the room just text me, okay?”

“Sure thing.”

Dan could be annoying, but he was also pretty nice. I didn’t want to get his in way and I was very sure he didn’t want to keep hanging out here with me.

At the very least, I could get a sort of firsthand education on boys and littles. The daddies hanging around on the couches might also give me some insight into behaviors, expectations and the like.

I found a coloring book with the wrapper still on it, untouched, and a brand-new box of crayons. I loved to color but rarely indulged myself, being still too self-conscious and new to the idea of being a boy. Or, now that I knew the word, a little.

I hurried to a space at a low table where two other boys were quietly coloring, knelt and spread out my newfound prizes. I set Kornie beside me and my drink on the table.

“Is that a daddy drink?” one boy asked.

“Uh. It’s rum and Coke.”

“No daddy drinks allowed on the table,” he muttered, not looking up from his wild

coloring which, I might add, was all outside the lines.

“Oh. Okay.” I grabbed the drink and set it on the floor beside me.

I unwrapped the coloring book and pushed the cellophane to one side, always a glorious feeling to unwrap something new. Then I began to thumb through it. I found a page with unicorns and flowers on it. So perfect.

I glanced up to see if anyone was looking, or if anyone might rib me for preferring what might be a sort of girlish work of art. The unicorns were dressed in flowers and jewels.

No one paid any attention to me, although I could see the other boys at the table looking up through their eyelashes every few seconds at each other as they furiously colored in their own books.

The boy who’d told me I couldn’t have my drink on the table had his tongue out and was now dragging his crayons across the paper so violently his pages were tearing.

Coloring was a good way to hide my fascination. I could fill in the lines well at the same time I was watching what others were doing in my peripheral vision. The room was not silent, so I also managed to eavesdrop on several conversations.

Two boys on the floor to my left were setting up a race car track, giggling and talking.

The first one said, “I like the red car best. My daddy gets me all the colors I want but I always ask for red. I have ten red cars better than these at home.”

“So what? I have cars at home, too.”

“Probably not as good as mine.”

“Oh yeah? What is that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing, except that it’s just the truth.”

As they continued to mumble, I grew bored listening to them, so I focused on the daddies sitting on the couches as I colored one unicorn’s horn pink.

The first daddy said, “Yes, he can be difficult at times, but he’s really, really good where it counts if you know what I mean.”

The second daddy chuckled. “Where it counts? Valente, you’re so shallow.”

“There are plenty of pretty boys around. If I was so shallow, I’d grab one of them. The reason I put up with him goes far deeper.”

“Ah, are you telling me you’re actually falling for him? You? The confirmed bachelor of ten years?”

“Don’t tell anyone, okay?”

I wondered which boy they were talking about. Not any of the ones coloring. Probably it was the guy running around the room in teensy shorts and no shirt yelling incomprehensibly and throwing stuffies and blocks everywhere, making a total mess. He had a mass of dark curls, down his back, and long limbs and a slender waist. I had to admit he was beautiful with absolutely zero filters or inhibitions. I couldn’t imagine behaving like that. I was far too shy.

As I colored, trying to make my picture the prettiest of all, my body slowly began to relax and enjoy the process. Without knowing anyone here, I still felt more at home

than I had in a long, long time. And there was so much to see. To process.

If anything intimidated me, it was the daddies. Most of them were all muscular, big leather dudes with lots of hair on their arms and, from what I could see, on their chests as well. I could imagine they dominated their boys with great intensity. That thought sent a little thrill through my body. Intimidation within reason could be sexy as hell, I decided.

The very bad boy who was still running around the room and making a mess, and looking quite beautiful and cute as he did so, stopped immediately when one of the men on the couch called out.

“Sully! Stop! Pick all of that up now.”

The boy stomped his foot. “All of what?”

“All the toys on the floor. Do it. Now.”

Sully’s hands curled into fists. “But Daddy, I didn’t do anything wrong.”

“You know the rules, Sullivan. You make a mess, you clean it up.”

“I didn’t make all the mess.” He whimpered. “Some of it was here when I got here.”

“I don’t care. Do as I say.”

Sully stomped his foot again. “No!”

“For a neat freak, you’ve been a very naughty boy tonight. What’s gotten into you? Did you sneak too much sugar again?”

Sully giggled. "I love sugar."

The daddy said to the other daddy, "This is not like him. But we come here so he can let off some steam."

"Daddy, I won't clean it up. I won't!" said Sully. "The other boys helped make the mess, too."

"Boy, you're going to get a spanking when we get home for sure. Now do as I say!"

To my surprise, the beautiful boy bent and began to pick up the toys he'd thrown about. He grumbled under his breath.

Again, his daddy, the one the other daddy had called Valente, spoke. "You are really asking for it tonight."

Sully smiled under his long curls.

Understanding started to dawn on me. For all his protests, Sully was having fun. He smiled because he wanted that spanking. It was as if he'd gotten himself into trouble on purpose.

The boy gathered up blocks and stuffies and stacked them all neatly on the shelves. He even put the blocks in alphabetical order. Then he began to fuss with the toys on the shelves, things he had not touched, straightening them. He puffed up the beanbags and went to other tables, putting loose crayons back in their boxes and picking up candy wrappers and throwing them away. It was very odd behavior to see after witnessing him doing such a good job messing everything up.

Right at that moment, the two boys with the race cars started to tussle. At first, I thought it was all in fun, too. Making trouble just like Sully for the fun of the drama

and maybe some sexy punishment afterward. But after a few seconds I realized they were truly fighting, their mouths tight, their eyes angry.

The boy who had been tidying everything up froze at the drama. His daddy, Valente, yelled, “Hey, you two boys! Stop this fighting at once!”

I couldn’t tell if the Valente daddy knew them or not.

The boys on the floor didn’t stop. They were rolling on top of each other now, punching for real at each other.

Valente and another daddy rose up, shouting, and ran to the boys. Arms flailed. The bigger men pulled the smaller men apart just as the door opened and two bouncers stepped in. One was in a security uniform. The other I recognized as Mister Menacing from the front door. Both of them ran toward the fight, helping to break it up.

The boys were out of control, crying and yelling. One boy got in a last-ditch angry move. He held up a red race car and threw it as hard as he could. It came straight toward me.

As soon as I saw it, my brain went blank in shock. I simply froze.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Colin

“It’s kinda boring out there for this large of a crowd,” Stewart said.

I looked at him, trying to read his face to see if he was joking. But he looked at me straight on as if he expected an answer.

“Boring?” I glanced at one of the stages where a guy was screaming his head off under a flogger, then shouting over the beat of the music, “Oh-oh! More! More!”

“I mean no fighting. No disturbances except for a tray of drinks that got dropped in the tickle room. Maintenance cleaned it up in five seconds flat.”

“Five seconds, huh? You counted?”

He didn’t even smile when he gave his response. “Yep.”

It was early yet. The drunk and disorderly dramas didn’t actually start until after one a.m. That was always fun. Sometimes I got to put my hand on someone’s back and push them out the door. Normally, though, we did not touch customers except in self-defense. Then twisting a hand behind a back was considered acceptable use of force to get them to come to their senses and leave.

Even with disciplined force, it was no wonder I’d made a few enemies in the community.

As if it heard my thoughts, my phone alerted me to another text.

Unknown: Shitty snobby piece of trash. You think you're better than everyone?

Funny that the texts were grammatically correct. No abbreviated language. Perfect spelling. Most would text you for you're. It told me he was older, higher educated, and obsessive. Maybe. Who could know? Some of the smartest people I knew never finished high school.

I sighed and slid my phone back in my pocket.

My radio went off. I recognized Carlo from upstairs security.

"Colin."

"Go for Colin."

"Drama on camera in the little's room."

"Carlo? Is this a joke?" The little's room was the most peaceful place in the entire club. Almost always.

"No joke. Boy on boy."

"Fuck. On my way."

"Hopefully their daddies will stop them by the time you get there."

I turned to Stewart. "Cover the front. I'll grab Jimmy to go with me."

"Yep," he replied, then turned away as if it was nothing.

Little fighting. It was rare. Usually they resorted to name calling, crying. Or sticking

out their slippery little tongues.

Jimmy stood by the north emergency exit. I waved him over to me. “With me. Now.”

He jogged to my side. “I heard. Diaper tugging.”

“What?”

He laughed. “Littles. Fighting. That might be more funny than serious.”

“Diapers or not, not funny if one of them gets hurt on our watch.”

Together, we jogged down the long hall to the room in question, dodging the crowds as best as we could.

Suddenly, I thought of the little from earlier. The cutie with the untamed tongue. My heart beat faster. Certainly, he couldn’t be involved, could he? He had a daddy to look after him. He’d been intimidated just walking into this place. He did not seem like the type to get into a fight. Not at all.

My protective nature reared up. It was completely out of line. Especially with a boy who obviously already had a daddy.

Still, I couldn’t stop it. It raged into gear. Like hormones. Like a deep need I couldn’t control. I had to see if that boy was okay. It was dire. My adrenaline running as if it was life or death.

This personality trait was what made me a good bouncer. I had the instincts. But they could also get me into trouble if I let myself care.

Tonight’s little who acted so afraid had attracted me. I couldn’t lie about that. If I let

that get a hold of me, I could surge into the room with less control than I liked and perhaps matters would not be solved as peacefully.

We looked for peaceful outcomes here at Club 99. Escort the offender out while remaining calm and polite, using words like please and sir. Offenders liked to be seen, to be heard. They wanted to know their point of view also mattered.

It was a fine line we walked right along with security to see matters end without ever having to involve making arrests or pressing charges. Besides, no one wanted the real police involved. They looked at clubs like ours as criminal to begin with. Many prejudices still existed on the force, and too many cops acted like they might get some kink germ on them if they even walked into this place.

I ran faster. The little room was off a side hall from the main, noisier rooms. In my mind, it was taking us way too long to get there. Jimmy kept up with me.

When we arrived, there was a small crowd outside the door, which was halfway open.

“Step aside,” I called out.

Men moved to let us through. I shoved the door all the way open with a bang. Everyone looked up except the two young men yelling and fighting in the middle of the floor. Two daddies were doing their best to break them apart. It succeeded. For a moment. Each had hold of one of the boys’ arms as they flailed to get at each other.

Before Jimmy and I could react, one boy gave a frustrated shout, tears streaming down his face, picked up a toy metal car, and hurled it at the other. His aim was terrible. He didn’t even come close to hitting his nemesis.

But as I watched the toy red car sail through the air, I realized it was on a trajectory for someone else in its path. Someone who’d been on my mind for nearly the entire

evening.

There sat the innocent little from earlier, his stuffed unicorn at his side, gazing up with wide, blue eyes as the toy headed straight for the middle of his forehead.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Maddy

I watched in frozen shock, unable to move, as the toy race car made a neat arc in the air before me. The next thing I knew, it had hit me on the forehead. I rocked backward, falling on my elbows. Kornie keeled over as well, and my drink, which I'd barely sipped, slopped over onto the carpet at my side.

The shouting stopped. Everyone was staring at me. I put my hand to my forehead, and it came away clean. At least I wasn't bleeding.

For the next few seconds, I felt nothing. My skin was numb where the toy had hit me.

Mister Menacing came toward me. "Boy, are you okay?"

I sat up, grabbing Kornie to my chest. Only then did my forehead began to sting. A lot. I'd have a lump for sure. My jaw trembled. My eyes started to fill, blurring my vision. I didn't know what to say. And there was no daddy here who was mine to protect and comfort me, because that's what they did, didn't they?

Mister Menacing put his hand on my shoulder, then announced loudly, and with a shivery pleasant authority to the entire room, "No fighting!" He glared at the two boys. "Where are your daddies?"

Boy one said, "I don't know."

Boy two said, "I don't know, either."

Valente said, “They left them alone in here.”

“You know fighting means suspension,” Mister Menacing said. His voice was deep and powerful, full of gloom.

The boys bowed their heads, looking chagrined.

“Go find your daddies now,” Mister Menacing ordered. “I don’t want to see either of you around here for the next two weeks. If I do, you’ll be tossed to the curb.”

The boys meekly left.

Mister Menacing turned to me. His hand on my shoulder was solid and warm. “What’s your name, boy?”

“M...Maddy.”

“Where’s your daddy?”

“I don’t have a daddy.” My voice came out low and shaky.

“That guy you came with isn’t your daddy?”

I shook my head. “He—he’s Dan. My roommate.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

I nodded, trying not to let the tears spill.

“Let’s go find your friend.”

“No. I’m okay. I don’t want to bother him.”

Mister Menacing glanced around the room. Everyone was staring at us.

“You sure you’re okay?” He got down on his knees beside me. Up close, he smelled different from the rest of the club, not leathery but more like pinewood and Christmas, and in this moment he wasn’t snarling. His voice didn’t boom.

I blinked. A hot tear slid down my cheek. I heaved in a stuttering breath. My head did hurt awfully bad now, but I didn’t want to complain.

“I guess that’s my answer,” Mister Menacing said.

I tried not to snifle.

“My name is Colin.” Mister Menacing stood up, then held out his hand. “Come on, Maddy. You’re coming with me.”

He no longer looked hard and tight around the mouth and eyes. Up this close, his lips were full and soft. His tanned skin smooth and perfect. I wanted to touch his face, feel the heat there, the line of his jaw and the curve of his cheek. With my full cheeks and straight light brown hair, I was such a baby compared to him. I didn’t even begin to think he was a daddy, but his offered hand was irresistible.

When I was standing, I still had to look up at him to meet his gaze. Never taking his eyes from me, Colin spoke into his radio.

“Maintenance. Clean up in the littles room. Spilled drink. All other matters are in hand.”

There was a quick response I couldn’t quite make out.

Colin squeezed my palm and fingers. I hugged the unicorn against my chest. With his free hand, he brushed Kornie's horn as if he truly didn't hate him. Kornie liked his horn to be touched very much.

"What's his name?" Colin asked.

"It's dumb."

"Really? Why don't you rename him, then?"

I gulped, still shaking. "Because his name is his name."

"Well, you can keep it private for now if you want. Come along."

I gasped as he gently yanked me forward. "Where are we going?"

"To my post. You can help me out while I make sure you don't have a concussion."

Did I have a concussion? I hoped not. The pain in my forehead was slowly receding.

"How do I help out?" I admit I was intrigued.

He stopped walking and turned, still holding my hand. "Hmm. Good question. Do you know Karate?"

I shook my head no.

"Judo?"

"No."

“Boxing?”

“No.”

“Can you at least hold your own in a fight?”

“I don’t fight.”

A smile parted his lips. “No? Well, that means you’re a good boy, then. So you’ll just have to sit by and watch me do my job. Watch and learn.”

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Colin

A small lump was beginning to form on Maddy's forehead, white in the middle and red around the edges. He'd go home with a smarting bruise for sure. I toyed with the idea of taking him up to the on-call doctor upstairs, but he had not lost consciousness and he was coherent. I did want to watch him to make sure, but probably he was fine. That weird protective feeling overcame me again. I wanted to keep Maddy by my side.

He was hesitant at first to come with me. Pulling back.

"Do you want to stay in here, then?" I asked. If he did, I couldn't watch him full time.

He shook his head no.

"Well, you can come back in a while if you want. I just want to keep an eye on that lump on your forehead."

He reached up with the hand holding his unicorn and felt the area with the tips of his fingers.

"You might not want to touch that."

"Ow." He reacted softly, almost as if ashamed. "Is it starting to bleed?"

"No." I felt his small hand flex in mine. "Just a little bump."

“How big?”

“Not big. Let’s hope it doesn’t grow into a goose-egg.”

His eyes widened. “Oh no! Would that happen?”

“I doubt it. But come with me and hang out. Learn the ropes for being a bouncer while we keep an eye on it, okay?”

“Is it safe?”

“Yep. You’re safe with me. I promise.” But could I really promise something like that? My job was somewhat dangerous. And I was being stalked. At least the stalking was only by text. For the time being.

“This is my first time coming here,” he said.

“I figured you for a greenie.”

“What’s a greenie?”

“Someone inexperienced. First-timer. Virgin.”

He blushed so prettily when I said that last word.

“I’m sorry your first experience was like this. Usually, the little’s room is the safest place in the entire club. We rarely have any dramas in there.”

He nodded. “I never told anyone before.” Again, his words came out soft and lilting, pretty.

“Told anyone?”

“About me being little. That’s what Dan called it. Little. He found out and I didn’t want anyone to know. Then he brought me here. I didn’t know there were others like me. Not for real.”

“Hopefully you’ll have better experiences after this.”

I noted the door opening and two cleaning staff came in. They went straight to the overturned glass, then mopped up the carpet. One of them ran a vacuum over the stain that sucked out the liquid and left behind a tiny trail of soap suds and a faint lemony scent.

The other boys who were coloring had moved to another table. Everything had quieted again.

“I’m sorry I spilled.” Maddy bowed his head.

“You didn’t. None of this is your fault. So, little one, are you ready to go or have you changed your mind?”

He blinked up at me. “Go with you. Colin. Please.”

“Good choice. I’ll take good care of you.”

Again, his face flushed a little. Lightning spikes shot through my stomach. He was greener than green, this one. As if he’d never been touched. Innocence was my jam if it wasn’t too faked. Maddy looked as pure as could be.

“Did you bring anything else with you that you need?” I asked.

“No. Just him.” He touched his chin to the unicorn in crook of his arm.

“All right, then.” I led him to the door.

“Are you sure I’m not a burden?”

“Not at all.”

With a boy to watch while doing my job, things would be busier. But I liked being busy. I liked to keep my mind occupied. It took my thoughts away from boredom, from the vanilla world outside, and from stalkery texts.

Maddy would be just fine. I knew it. And definitely not a burden at all.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Maddy

Colin led me through crowds of sweaty, leather-clad and half-naked men to the front of the club. On the way, I couldn't help but again peek into the open doors in the hall. Amid the flogging and rope play, the nearly naked pets running around, and the men hitched up in slings, I glimpsed a few hard penises and some rounded, hard as rock butts, which I had to admit was kind of exciting.

Colin squeezed my hand. "Can you keep up?"

I nodded, moving faster to stay in motion with his long strides.

When we reached the entrance where we'd first locked eyes, he let go. He leaned down and ran his fingers gently, like feathers, over my forehead.

"Yep, definitely a lump but it's not getting bigger. It's a little red. You tell me if you feel dizzy or sick, okay?"

"Yes, sir." It felt right to call him sir. Like a good thing was happening to me deep inside.

When he took his fingers away, it was as if my skin already missed them.

He grabbed a chair by the check-in desk and brought it right up to the wall behind his post. "You sit right here. And remember, you tell me if you feel at all dizzy or sick, okay?" he repeated.

I nodded.

He then walked over to a guy who was even bigger and taller than he was, but younger, and started talking to him.

I hooked my feet up under the chair and leaned forward. I felt out of place and weird, hugging Kornie against my rainbow t-shirt. Dan had insisted boys and littles were popular here at the club, but I still felt like I didn't belong. And I knew for sure I was being a burden to the big and strong club bouncer named Colin even though he'd said I wasn't.

I wondered how long he would want me to stay in the chair so he could keep an eye on me. How long did it take to find out if the lump on your head was anything serious? I wanted to touch it again, but kept my hands locked with Kornie in my lap.

From where I sat and Colin was stationed, I had a great view over a lot of the front part of the club. I could see all the stages and the dance floor and the bar. So many guys in leather. So many men practically making out as they danced. All the things I saw sent little shivers through my body. It was all new and kinky, and I liked it a lot. I wanted to see more.

I watched Colin as he worked. He stood a few feet in front of me keeping an eye on everything while being unobtrusive, his body alert, muscles tensed. At first it seemed like a pretty easy job. But then I realized standing all that time and never letting yourself drift from observing your surroundings had to be hard. My mind wandered so easily. His remained focused.

Colin greeted some people by name as they entered and exited the building, but he never allowed chit-chat. Every few minutes, he turned to look at me, one eyebrow raised.

I felt like he was asking me a question, actually paying attention to me. I nodded to let him know I was okay. My head had stopped throbbing. All I felt now was a little sting at the lump area.

The more I watched Colin, the more I liked what I saw. He was so big compared to me, so strong and sure of himself. His hard looks and seemingly disapproving expressions weren't as scary when I was closer up to see him. Or maybe he had changed for me?

I responded to his authority in unexpected ways. First, when I came into the club, I had cringed, thinking he thought I was weird and not worthy. But when I'd caught his stare again before going to the little's playroom, it kind of thrilled me. When he'd come to break up the fight and then took me away, I felt a bit special. Now, whenever he looked at me, more things stirred up inside me. I started to feel hot under my skin.

What would it be like to be with this man? I couldn't help but imagine it. If he was my daddy, wow could he ever make me into a good boy by just a look. I'd be ready to let him lead me anywhere, an easy boy, submissive and obedient.

But I was far too shy to take that fantasy any further.

I realized my eyes were nearly shut and I was rocking forward when a hand came in front of my face. "Maddy. Are you falling asleep?"

I jerked my head back. Colin stood before me; again, that sinister and angular eyebrow rose. His dark eyes glistened.

"I'm awake. I was just thinking."

"You sure you're not sleepy or dizzy?" He reached out and brushed his fingers over my forehead, feeling for my bump. They were hot but gentle. My skin tingled at his

touch. The skin around the bump was still a little numb, though.

“I’m sure.”

“The bump isn’t any bigger. Just a little pink. Are you getting bored?”

I couldn’t admit that to him. He had, after all, rescued me. And he was getting handsomer by the minute. I had zero complaints.

“No, I was just thinking.”

“About what, baby?”

I nearly gasped at his use of what I thought of as an endearment. And the fact that it was directed at me.

“Just, stuff. Things in my mind.”

The corners of his lips quirked up.

A group came through the front doors. Colin turned away. I watched him assess them with a single up-down look. One of them said, “Hey, Colin.”

“Hey,” he replied to the customer, then turned back to me.

“You’re brand new here,” he said. “It’s going to be overwhelming.”

“That’s what greenie means. It’s what you called me before.”

“It is.”

I realized that while he had not allowed himself to chitchat with others, he was doing just that with me. But then I remembered I was his job. He was merely watching me to see if I had a concussion. He was probably talking to me to confirm I wasn't slurring my speech.

"Since you've never been here before, do you find the club interesting?"

"Yes. But a little overwhelming, too, like you said."

He shrugged. "That's to be expected for first timers. I barely see any of it anymore. When I'm off work, the last place I want to go is here."

"Really?" Maybe he wasn't into kink at all. My hope of him being a daddy was starting to dim.

He chuckled without smiling. "Not that I don't like these guys or this place. Don't get the wrong idea."

Well, then, what was the right idea?

Colin's radio beeped. He put his hand to his head where there was an earpiece and muttered a response. He walked away from me so I couldn't hear what he said, then scoped out the club again with his very discerning gaze.

A minute later, he was back at my side. I looked up, realizing my eyes were wide and my mouth a bit open. He was just that mesmerizing.

"I'm off at the top of the hour. I don't like the idea of leaving you. Would your roommate be pissed if I took you out for a cup of coffee?"

Coffee? That was his line? I loved it, actually. "Um, yes. I'd like that."

I could hardly believe he was asking me out, just little old me sitting here hugging a unicorn stuffie. Did he really want to have coffee with me? But no. He'd just said he didn't like the idea of leaving me. I was still a part of his job, that was all.

"My roommate won't be mad at all," I added. "I can text him that I'm leaving. He'll be glad, actually. He wanted me to come with him tonight, but I could tell he couldn't wait to go off in search of love." I bit my lower lip when I said the word love.

A waiter showed up with a tray. On it was a square glass with honey-colored liquid inside, still fizzing. He lowered the tray and held it out to me.

"For you," Colin said. "It's ginger-ale. I ordered it for you. It will settle your stomach if it feels upset with any residual headache."

I didn't feel sick. Just nervous. I took the glass and put it to my mouth, taking a sip. It was ice cold and very refreshing.

"Thank you." I frowned. "You really ordered this for me?"

"I realized I should've done it earlier."

This hard guy with big muscles and star tattoos was really being nice. And getting nicer by the minute. Maybe taking me out after work was more than just doing his job? I had thought of it as being asked out. But I didn't know what he thought.

I watched him finish his shift while sipping my drink, my head spinning, but not from any concussion. It was all Colin.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Colin

This never happened. I didn't ever date anyone on the job, staff or customers.

I told myself I was looking out for Maddy's well-being. He was hurt on my shift. I was responsible for him.

It was a partial truth only.

Other things were happening inside me that couldn't be denied. This little unicorn hugging dude was my cute-type. When I wanted cute in my bed, this boy was practically inch for inch my fantasy. The wider his eyes got, the more my infatuation rose up with a sweet burn in my veins.

It couldn't happen. It wasn't professional. I'd take this boy out for a late snack to be sure he was steady on his feet, then drive him home and be done. Yes. That was proper. My personal job rules would remain intact.

I walked over to Stewart who was talking to Cuddles.

"I'm off soon. No overtime tonight for me. You can handle the last couple hours, right?"

"I got it."

I wasn't so sure. I studied his face. He said everything right, but his gaze seemed distant, distracted. He was always late. He took his time with any task I gave him. It

wasn't drugs or alcohol. Most likely, his youth and the venue gave him a lot to think about. He probably wanted to play and that was not allowed.

Usually, Stewart never closed alone. If I was on shift, I stayed overtime because he was still technically in training. Then Maddy happened.

Excitement washed over me, completely misplaced. But I couldn't help how I felt.

I glanced over my shoulder. Maddy still sat by the wall, unicorn in his lap. He sipped his ginger-ale through a tiny red straw, his pink lips pursing, his young cheeks hollowing.

Now why did that image send pangs straight to my balls?

"You need any help, call Carlo. Or Jimmy. He'll be on until closing. So will Mel. After one, no one else comes in. Cuddles will be off."

Stewart nodded. "I know all that.

"I'll lock up good," Cuddles said. "No one in or out. They all have to use the side exits."

"All right then. I'm going to grab my stuff."

Both men nodded, almost impatient. Micro-managing annoyed people and I knew it, but with the stalker texts and now Maddy, I couldn't help but want to make sure all bases were covered.

I guess I had to let go.

My phone chirped.

Sighing, I peered at the texts, thinking my stalker was at it again.

Surprisingly, it was a text from Trent Winterbourne. It was almost one a.m.

Winterbourne:My assistant scheduled a phone meeting for Monday. I don't want to wait until then. Can you call when you get off work?

I texted back.

Colin:It's late for you, isn't it?

Winterbourne:Not your concern. I'm a night owl.

Colin: I can call in about twenty minutes.

Winterbourne:I'll be waiting.

Fuck.Now I was making my boss, the club's billionaire owner, wait for me.

Trent had a family now. A boy of his own. I hated that I might be intruding. And then I had Maddy to take care of.

What had started as a fairly calm night had suddenly gotten a little more complicated.

I walked back to Maddy, who was poking at an ice cube in his drink. He looked up and those eyes of his glimmered as if all the world was contained in them.

"I'm going to get my things. Don't move from this chair."

"Yes, sir." His voice came out soft, almost fluffy. His tongue poked out again, but not at me. This time he was licking ginger-ale from his lips.

I turned away, my libido alive and kicking.

In the employees' locker room was a door that led to a break room with all the amenities. Trent spared no expense for his club, even though I'd heard it didn't break even. Tax shelters were helpful for the uber rich, and kink was what he'd chosen, which was all good for the rest of us. It was a great place to work, but we couldn't play here. That was in the contract all staff signed. If we needed to get our kinks on, we went across the valley to the neighboring city to The Red Door. If and when we found the time.

I grabbed my shoulder pouch from my locker. No jacket tonight. It was still warm out.

As I turned, I heard a loud bang as if someone had hit the back of the locker unit. I jumped about three feet into the air, then froze and listened. No footsteps. Nothing.

Then my phone chimed.

Unknown:Fucking loser. You'll never find me. You'll never know who I am. You can't stop me.

A chill went up my spine. My muscles bunched. I quietly walked around the end of the lockers, ready to pounce. All that greeted me was yellow light reflecting off solid metal and an empty wall. Dust motes swam slowly in the air.

It was just the locker bank settling, I told myself. The building was old, a re-modeled warehouse. The foundation was big and solid, but over the decades there were bound to be cracks. The earth settled sometimes. That was all.

Or it was haunted.

I laughed quietly to myself. Ghosts would be highly preferable to real people. Ghosts were more predictable.

I passed the well-lit break room. It had a completely decked out kitchen and living area. No one was inside at the moment.

Good. My bouncer reputation was about strength and resolve. I could keep my response to the loud bang and my other jitters to myself.

I came back to the front of the club. Maddy was just finishing the last drops of his drink, making slurping sounds with his straw. Stewart stood by Cuddles, who sat with his tablet in his lap. Neither was talking.

Interesting. I suddenly got couples vibes. Was Stewart a daddy? Did he want Cuddles? It was none of my business even though fraternizing went against my own rules.

“Okay, Maddy. We’re free to go. Still want that coffee?”

He jumped up, setting his drink on the seat of his chair. “Yes, sir.” He did the one-arm carry for the unicorn and Cuddles opened the door for us instead of making us go all the way to the back exit.

Off to coffee now. And then I’d take the boy home.

At least, that’s what I told myself.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Maddy

When Colin's relief showed up, a big guy who kept making eyes at the doorman, Colin left to get his things. He told me not to move from my chair.

I wasn't about to move. I wanted this date more than anything now.

Finally, we were on our way.

Colin drove a brand-new BMW. Black, of course. I still held tightly to Kornie as I seat-belted myself in.

But Colin didn't start the car right away. Instead, he stared at his phone.

I wasn't sure what was going on, but I said nothing.

Colin looked at me. "I'm sorry, but I need to make a phone call."

"Okay. Do you want me to get out so I don't hear?"

"No. It's fine. But anything you do hear is between us, okay? I have a little problem, that's all. It's going to be taken care of."

This sounded exciting. Not only was Colin big, handsome and sexy, and someone who made me feel little and yet protected, he had problems and I was going to hear one of them. He was including me in his personal life already.

“All right. Thank you for being patient.”

“I’m patient,” I quickly replied. It might have been a little fib. I wasn’t sure I was all that patient, not when I was angry or feeling unseen. When I was feeling little, I could stomp my foot a lot. But that was always in private. I hid a lot of myself from the world. Until—maybe—tonight.

Colin tapped his phone a few times. I heard it ringing. He had it on speaker?

Then a live picture of a handsome guy with slicked back dark hair filled his phone screen. He looked like he was wearing a suit. I could only see from the side, but the guy exuded charisma even from the other side of the screen.

I didn’t want to listen or intrude, but of course I heard every word. I wondered why Colin was including me in this.

“Hey, Mr. Winterbourne. Thanks for taking my call so late,” Colin said.

“Mr. Greenleaf. I got your message and updated file. You’re still being harassed, I see. I want you to know this is of no small concern to me.”

“Yes. I wondered if there were any updates on the investigation.”

“Not so far, but I have my people on it. I know a lot of time has passed and I’m sorry for that. Do you feel you need security outside the job?”

“No, sir. I’m okay.”

“I’m sorry I can’t tell you better news. Keep up the files. I’ve read some. I don’t like what I’m seeing. You need to feel one hundred percent safe working for me. I want you to know I’m treating this as if it were happening to me. You’re family. All

right?”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Report anything suspicious and cc everything new to me as well. I’ll be back in the city in a day. Maybe I’ll have better news.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Keep vigilant. Do not hesitate to call me if you need anything. No need to go through my assistant. He knows to send your calls straight to me. I’m making this top priority.”

“Yes, sir.”

“All right, then. I’ll let you go.”

Colin tapped the red button, then turned to me. “Thanks for being patient. I needed to make that call.”

I nodded, not sure what to say. I was worried about what I’d heard, but it wasn’t my business, either. Finally, I burst out, “Are you okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine.” He actually smiled. “That was Trent Winterbourne, the owner of the club. He’s trying to help me solve a little mystery.”

“But it’s a secret?”

“Yes.”

“Then why did you let me hear?”

Colin's face turned into itself, almost a frown. "Because if we see each other again, maybe, well, ah I don't know."

See each other again?

He seemed frustrated for the first time. Did he like me? Maybe he wanted me in his life. It was too soon to ask, but he'd already revealed a deep secret to me he wanted no one else to know. It was something he wanted me to understand if we did end up seeing each other again.

I wanted to erase that unsettled look from him. "It's okay," I said, happy that he might want more from me. "I'll keep your secret."

"You're a good boy, I'll bet."

I smiled and grabbed Kornie's horn, squeezing tight. I whispered. "I want to be."

As Colin pulled out of the lot, he asked, "How old are you?"

"Twenty-one. You have to be to get into the club."

He nodded. "I'm thirty-five. It's almost illegal to take you to get coffee."

"No, it's not. I'm not a baby."

He laughed. "Okay, not-a-baby."

"Why are you laughing?" I asked.

"Because that's really too bad. I love being a daddy to sweet things like you."

Now the truth was starting to come out.

“Wh—what?” He was a daddy? I’d wished for that, but hadn’t really expected it. I’d just felt him to be a big, strong protector type, but not a real daddy. He had grimaced at me so fiercely at first that it was hard to get that image out of my mind.

He glanced at me, then back at the road. “It’s not obvious? I mean, I was staring at you when you first walked in.”

I shook my head. “You glared.”

“I did?”

I nodded.

“Well, I’m sorry you interpreted it that way. I figured you knew since you stuck that tongue out at me. Careful there, or other daddies might take that as flirting.”

I was totally embarrassed now. “Ss-sorry?”

He laughed. “And now I’ve asked you out for coffee, all while you were holding a unicorn stuffie. If I wasn’t a daddy, what else could it be?”

He was right and I suppose I was pretty clueless in the moment. “I guess I thought you felt obligated to make sure I didn’t have a serious injury from that fight.”

“Well, sure, I wanted to make sure you were okay. But you also seemed really alone. Your coloring book page looked exceptional, though. You had some fun with it, I’d guess.”

I wasn’t sure what to say. He’d noticed my coloring? Little chills went up and down

my spine in a good way.

Colin was also right that I had felt alone. Even a little lost. I loved coloring but that space tonight at the table with the strange boys did not feel comfortable for me. I didn't know anyone, and Dan had abandoned me.

I sat back in the comfy seat of the BMW feeling anything but abandoned now.

The coffee "date" ended up being a meal at a 24-hour diner. Colin bought me a late-dinner of fries, a burger and chocolate milk. I hadn't realized how hungry I was until I looked down at my empty plate.

Colin talked to me softly, asking questions as if he was actually interested in the answers. I still couldn't quite wrap my mind around someone like him being interested in someone like me. I worried about our age difference, but I secretly loved older men. Something about the control and maturity really turned me on.

We lingered and he ordered a hot fudge sundae for me, but I was too full to eat most of it.

It seemed like Colin was delaying because he didn't want our conversation to end. At least, I hoped that was why. But finally, the time came when we were done.

"Okay, not-a-baby. It's getting late. Probably past your bedtime. Let's get you home."

I was surprised he wasn't suggesting I go home with him. Most guys had one thing on their minds when they took off with another guy late at night. At least, the ones I had met. But Colin behaved like the perfect gentleman, leading straight into my private fantasies of what I wanted a daddy to be like.

On the way home, he said, "I'd love to take you out again some time."

I was shaking with nervous excitement at his statement. "I'd like that."

"I was hoping you'd say that."

"You were?"

"Yes, not-a-baby. Don't you know when someone is attracted to you?"

My breath caught in my throat.

"And now you know why I let you stay in the car for that phone call earlier. It was hope."

"What do you mean?"

"I wanted to take you out. Like a real date. I was already planning to ask to see you again. But if we do see each other, you should know some things. Like what that conversation was about."

"Someone is harassing you," I said quickly.

"Yes. It's through texts. Nothing more. But the texts are often and they are annoying."

"And the owner of the club is helping to stop it."

"Yes."

"He sounded concerned."

“It is concerning. And anyone I date should know it’s happening. Just as a precautionary measure. If you want to change your mind about seeing me, I’ll fully understand.”

“I’m not changing my mind.” I looked at Kornie, petting his head nervously. “I feel safe with you.”

“That’s a nice thing to say, but my job can be a little dicey at times.”

“Because you have to kick people out of the club?”

“Yes. No one likes it.”

“Sure, but why are they mean to you when you’re just doing your job?”

“It’s the nature of the job, baby. You bounce people out of their favorite club, they tend to get mad. A small percentage want to get even.”

“That’s not nice.”

“No. It isn’t. Have you changed your mind?”

“About seeing you again?”

Colin nodded.

I grinned up at him, shaking Kornie in his face. “Not one bit. Daddy.”

He chuckled. “I’m glad to hear it. You’re a brave boy.”

When he dropped me off, he didn’t even try for a sweetheart, cornball kiss. Instead,

he turned on the inside light and said, “Let me take one more look at that forehead.”

I leaned toward him.

He ran his fingers lightly along the bump and I couldn’t breathe because it felt so intimate and good.

“Good news,” he said. “The swelling has already gone down.” Then he ruffled my hair. “You’ll live.”

“Thank you for the meal and, well, for everything.”

“You’re very welcome.”

Eagerly, I took out my phone. “We need to exchange numbers.”

Colin lightly punched his own forehead. He was so tough-looking on the surface it was funny to see. “I almost forgot.”

After numbers were exchanged, Colin said, “Is it okay if I text you tomorrow?”

“Yes.”

“I work nights, and weekend nights are especially busy, but lunch, maybe?”

“Late night is okay.” I felt that needed an explanation. “I work noon to six five days a week at Coffee Haus, so I’m free at night.”

“Good to know,” Colin said.

“But you’re probably working by then, right?”

“Some nights earlier, some later. We’ll work it out.” Colin gave me a small smile and a wink under the BMW’s bright overhead light. He still looked fierce, but now it was in a way I really liked. Stern, maybe, but not scary anymore. He left me with no questions about whether or not he wanted me.

I was still a little worried about who might be harassing him. How horrible that he had to go through that.

As I got out of the car, Colin reached out and touched my hand, slowly letting his fingers slide over my wrist and slip away.

“I promise I’ll be texting you, Maddy. Tomorrow. I sleep during part of the day, but it will be tomorrow.”

“I know,” I said.

I grinned all the way to my front door.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Colin

Idrove home feeling drunk. Just being around the boy! Wow. It got me all muddled.

Maddy. Cute name. Was it a nickname?

Good thing I didn't have to drive too far to get home. That boy had distracted my brain. And parts elsewhere. Every mannerism, every move, every look had me thinking, "Damn, so much my type."

But it was more than that. It had a lot to do with my feelings of protectiveness. He'd been hurt and it brought out something deep inside me that wanted to help, fix, comfort. I was a big guy and I knew how to fight. But I also had a fantasy of wrapping a boy in my arms and holding him close and tight, warming him when he was cold, feeding him when he was hungry, reassuring away all his fears, kissing away all his boo-boos.

It was a daddy thing. Of course. I wasn't ignorant to that deep need to be a daddy. It went beyond sex, though, and some boys just wanted to play a scene and be done. I wanted to take care of everything.

Maybe I was alone because I was too controlling. But it was more about feelings. Emotions. People didn't always understand, even people in the kink community.

Maddy, though. He was the real deal. Not playing. Not pretending. He seemed eager for a second date.

As I was getting ready for bed, the pre-dawn light turned the sky a dark violet. I closed the blinds and set my phone on the nightstand. It chimed.

I knew it was my stalker, but I had to be sure. I scrolled to my texts and yep, there he was. Insulting and rude and intrusive. Again. I got slightly paranoid that the text came right after I'd closed my blinds. But I let that thought go. This person was a nuisance, but they hadn't actually threatened violence.

It was nice that Trent was taking the text stalking seriously, though. Using professional investigators had to cost a lot.

As I lay back in the darkness, I saw Maddy's face in my mind. Bright. Young. Glowing. A knot formed in my stomach.

Was I being fair to the kid? With my job and the stalker, was it even safe to bring him into my life?

My muscles bunched. My chest rose with a deep breath. Everything inside me surged with a protective instinct. With me he would be safe. It wasn't arrogance. I was quite able to take care of myself in dire situations. I had no fear for myself in that capacity.

But Maddy. He was small, young. Sweet.

He hadn't balked when I told him about my stalker, which was a credit to his own strength. Another reason I was drawn to him. He was a brave boy.

I took deep, even breaths to calm myself from an abnormally busy night. Exhaustion took over and I was quickly asleep.

I woke around noon. Even my thick blinds didn't keep the sunlight out. Not completely. The room was bathed in a warm, golden glow. I basked in the just

waking feeling, then remembered. I had a sweet boy to text!

I sat up and picked up my phone. A text sat waiting for me.

Unknown: New day, but you're the same asshole, aren't you. Did you fuck him yet?

My heart rate immediately sped up. Him? Who? Was he referring to my actions last night? To Maddy? My stalker had never included someone else in his texts. He only taunted me.

Well, fuck.

Maddy said he worked noon to six. He'd be working right now. He was probably fine. Safe. I wanted to text him just to be sure. But I couldn't let him know I was even a tiny bit nervous.

Colin: I enjoyed last night and would love to do that again. My shift is six to two a.m. Our work hours leave no time in between. Can I see you later again?

I stared at my phone as if Maddy might jump through it at any time. There was no response. But of course, he was working. He couldn't just drop everything to text me back.

I took my phone with me into the bathroom and kept opening the shower door every ten seconds to check it. It wasn't like me to be paranoid. Not like this. My stalker was my stalker. Whoever he was, he was mad at me. He didn't even know Maddy's name or who he was.

But then darker thoughts came. I'd taken Maddy home. Had he followed me? Did he now know where Maddy lived?

I couldn't think like that. I wouldn't allow the stalker to get into my thoughts. Text stalkers were cowards. That was why they used texts to harass others. They didn't have the guts to face them.

I really hoped Trent's investigators got an answer soon.

I fixed myself eggs and toast and sat eating. And staring. At my phone. I turned on the TV for a distraction. The news was on, droning about dark things.

I began to channel surf when my phone went off. I checked the texts. Stalker or Maddy? I smiled as I read.

Maddy:After your shift would be great. If I came to the club again, would it be bad? I would go to the little room and color and not interfere with your shift.

Well,now. The little one was eager and smart. I loved the idea of him being where I could know where he was at all times. Did he understand that already? That I was somewhat controlling? I gave him credit for figuring it out. If Maddy didn't like it, I would encourage him to tell me. We could talk tonight over another very late dinner.

Colin:It would be my pleasure to have you come to the club any time. I will have a pass waiting for you. I look forward to seeing you again.

It all sounded a bit formal,but we were still in that stage. Feeling each other out.

Maddy:Can I head over there when I get off work? Or would that be too early?

Colin:I'll be there at six. Any time you'd like, not-a-baby. Bring your stuffie. Unicorns get in free.

Maddy:His name is Kornie.

Then he sent a bunch of laughing/smiling emojis. Such a baby.

Before the door to Club 99 opened, I conferred with Cuddles.

“I have a friend coming any minute. You might remember him from last night. He’s the boy who was hit in the head.”

Cuddles smiled. “You mean the one you had sitting by the wall and went out with after your shift?”

“His name is Maddy. He’s my guest tonight.”

“If he’s got his unicorn with him, he won’t be hard to miss.”

Within ten minutes, Maddy showed up, Kornie in hand. He grinned when he saw me, his whole face lighting up.

My heart started to pound just to look at him. I was already getting attached. I reached out, grasped him by the shoulders and leaned down to kiss his forehead.

“Hi, Colin.” He spoke softly, his cheeks growing pink.

“Hey, not-a-baby.”

“Thanks for inviting me tonight. It makes me super happy.”

I took his hand in mine. “Glad to hear it. I’m sorry I’m working. I want to spend more time with you.”

“It’s okay. Just being here and knowing you’re here is nice.”

“All right then.” I gently tugged his hand. “Cuddles, I’m taking my boy to the littles room.”

“Okay.”

I usually didn’t leave the front unoccupied unless called to an emergency. Stewart wasn’t coming on shift for another hour. But Maddy took top priority for me right now. My stalker could be anyone inside the club. The littles room would be safe because it always had so many boys around and most of the time they were peaceful, unless they got mad and threw metal cars.

I opened the door and led Maddy inside. It was still early. Only two daddies and two littles had arrived. But everything looked peaceful.

Maddy looked around the room, then went straight to the coloring book shelf. I went with him.

“See anything you like?” I asked.

He pulled out a coloring book filled with animals. “I like this.”

“Great.”

He grabbed a box of crayons and went to one of the low, round tables and made himself comfortable with a pillow under his ass.

I went to the fridge and got him a juice box. When I set it in front of him, he looked up at me as if I’d given him a pot of gold.

“Thank you. Um. Daddy.”

“Go ahead and call me that all you want. I like it.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“Will you be fine here for a while?”

“Very.”

“Text me if you need anything, all right?”

“I love it here. I might even make some new friends.”

I frowned. “Not the daddies. Just the boys.”

“Of course, Daddy.” He opened the book and smoothed out the page before reaching for the crayons.

It made me sick that I had to leave him. But I couldn't let myself become ridiculously over-protective. He lived with a roommate. He had a job. He was fine. It was just the nasty texts that had gotten me paranoid, and I wouldn't allow that. I wouldn't allow my stalker to win.

When I returned to the front doors to my usual position, I checked in with Cuddles.

“It's a slow start tonight,” he said.

“Yeah, the club's a little empty. But it always picks up.”

Cuddles held up his tablet. “Looks like a huge number of prepaid tickets.”

I nodded. It would be a busy night. Everyone just needed to finish their dinners first

and then they'd be here.

I itched to text Maddy. I wanted him to come out here and be in my sight. I wanted him sitting in the chair by the wall again. But I couldn't ask that. It would be so boring for him. As it was, he was going to be waiting eight hours for me to get off my shift. That seemed unfair to him, as well.

Guilt began to edge my thoughts.

When I was nervous, I fiddled with the silver band on my middle finger. Tonight, I was going to wear away the skin. I was constantly twisting it.

I could no longer resist my urges. I picked up my phone and texted him.

Colin:If you get tired, come to me and I'll escort you home on my break.

I knew he'd driven here, but I could at least follow him home and give him a goodnight kiss, couldn't I?

Maddy:I won't get tired. I promise!

Already loyal.Already mine.

Well, I could hope.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Maddy

Daddy Colin. It was exciting to think of him that way. He was my daddy now. He had said so. I felt it strongly in my bones. I hoped he had the same opinion of me.

I was pretty sure he did. He had walked with me hand in hand to deliver me to the littles room. And he had gotten me juice. Only daddies did that.

Now he'd just texted me, worrying I might get tired. I loved being looked after like this. I loved that he cared. Plus, he'd gotten me into the club for free. I'd been worried about how I'd pay for it. I had made some tips at work, but I needed those for gas and food until my next paycheck.

My coloring was beautiful tonight. I didn't color like a baby. I wasn't feeling all that baby-ish at the moment. I found a great picture of a lion and I blended all sorts of colors into his mane. Gold. Green. Red. Brown. When I put my mind to it, I could make pretty nice pictures in my empty books at home. I had always loved drawing. I did it all with crayon because I couldn't afford expensive pencils and pastels. Surprisingly, I made it work. It was my art.

"That's pwetty!" The boy to my right could not keep his coloring within the lines. He held his crayon awkwardly.

"Thank you."

"I wanna learn to be that good when I'm bigger."

“You can. Just be patient,” I said.

“I a little boy. I not grew up yet.”

“That’s okay.” I smiled at him. He was in diapers which explained a lot.

“My name is James.” He pointed so hard at himself he hit himself in the chest with his finger.

“Hi, James. I’m Maddy.”

“Hi, Maddy.”

James was rather cute with gold curls falling over his eyes. He kept sticking out his tongue as he scribbled furiously with his crayons.

“I a good boy. Daddy say so. But I still have to wear diapers.”

“You should probably do what your daddy says.”

“I do. I good. I like when Daddy lies on top of me and tells me so.”

I couldn’t help but giggle. James joined in.

“Where your daddy?” James asked.

“He works here. We’re going out after the club closes.”

James nodded his understanding. “My daddy is here, too, but not here-here. He went to watch grew-up stuff I not allowed to watch.”

“Well, we can stick together until our daddies come back.”

“kay.”

It was hard to concentrate. I kept thinking of Colin and how much I wanted to be with him. I wanted to see him. Watch him work. The time passed slowly. I wasn't complaining, but I felt anxious, like I just wanted to see him so badly right now that it almost hurt.

There was a lot of stuff in the room to occupy me. A lot of toys and books. Games. Puzzles. A TV on the wall showed endless cartoons. I watched some of those for a while. They were fun.

But Colin wasn't at my side. It felt wrong and empty. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore. I got out my phone and texted him.

Maddy:Do you have a break coming? Can I spend your break with you?

Colin:Of course. I have a half hour lunch break and our break room has a full kitchen. But I thought I'd order some appetizers from the bar. Would you like that?

Maddy:Yes. I can't wait.

I didn't want to make him think he had to provide everything for me. Yet, that was what a daddy did, and Colin had said he was a daddy who liked to take care of everything.

I started to rock back and forth on the beanbag chair where I sat watching the TV. I was both nervous and excited. Too excited to sit still. Fifteen minutes wasn't a long time to wait, but it seemed like forever.

Finally, Colin walked through the door, one hand holding a couple of food boxes. I could smell it from here. I nearly squealed as I jumped up to greet him. I ran to hug him, carefully navigating beneath the boxes and under his free arm.

“I’m happy to see you, too,” he said.

He led me to the employee lounge, saying it was fine for him to have a guest there. He got me a soda and revealed the food. Hot wings and mini quesadillas and spinach dip. Yummy.

I’d come straight from work and hadn’t eaten. I was starving. After Colin got us sodas, I curled up next to Colin on the couch and dug in.

There were only two other employees in the lounge, and they left us to ourselves, both involved in their phones.

Colin put his arm around me as we ate. He kept saying, “Here, try this one.” And feeding me bites of food.

“Are you testing me out to see if I like to be fed?”

“Maybe.”

“I do.”

He laughed and then fed me the rest of whatever I asked for.

“Wing!”

He brought the wing to my lips. His fingers were covered in sauce. I didn’t want to miss a drop, so I licked his fingers before every bite.

“Baby, you will be my undoing.”

I loved the compliment. We hadn't even kissed yet, but the intimacy with Colin was growing, and I wanted more.

Later, he took me back to the little's room well fed and happy.

My skin was warm all over as I sat in front of the TV. It was all I could do. The little's and daddies around me had become a low mumble. I didn't hear or see them clearly. All I could think of was Colin.

The time passed quickly as I daydreamed. I may have even dozed off because before I knew it, a hand rested on the top of my head. I wasn't startled. I knew who it was.

“Time to go, baby,” Colin said.

I got up and grabbed Kornie to my chest. I took his hand with my other hand.

On the way out, men were still hanging around. The club would not close for another hour or so.

“Are you tired, baby?” Colin asked when we got to my car.

I shook my head.

“Are you hungry?”

I really wasn't. “Can we go for coffee?”

“Of course, we can.”

We drove with me following Colin to an all-night diner.

Every minute we talked at the diner, and I told him about my life and my feelings and how I thought I was alone in my discovery that I liked little things, I felt closer to him. We sat and talked non-stop until the sun started to come up.

“It’s so late. Or early. You need to get your sleep before your own shift, baby.”

“Yeah. But I don’t want to leave you.”

“I promise I’ll text you tomorrow, okay?”

I nodded.

Then he leaned down and kissed me right on the lips. It made my body feel light and my mind dizzy.

I felt like I was floating as I drove home. I wondered when I would get invited to his house. It couldn’t be soon enough.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Maddy

The next day I woke bleary-eyed, with only about an hour to get ready for work. I found two texts from Colin. It surprised me because as a person who worked nights, and then spent extra time dating me after his shift, I figured he'd sleep in.

Colin: Would love to take you to lunch when you have your next day off.

His second text was even better.

Colin: I thought about you all night.

I couldn't believe my eyes. We'd only had two dates. I read the texts about ten times over trying to convince myself they were real and I wasn't dreaming. Then I checked the time of his texts. They came in at nine a.m. My hands shook as I prepared to text him back.

Maddy: I would love lunch. Tomorrow is my day off.

Colin: Pick you up at noon?

Maddy: But instead of lunch, can I see you tonight again?

Colin: I would love to, but I know you barely slept. Go home tonight, get a good night's sleep, and spend the day with me tomorrow. I have tonight and tomorrow night off.

Maddy: I want to spend all night with you. Tonight. I'm not tired.

I looked at the text before sending it. Was I being too forward? He had said he had tonight off. I decided as a daddy, he would let me know if it was too soon. That was his job. My job as the little was to ask for things and hopefully get them if daddy said so.

Colin: Baby boy, I would love that. I didn't want to move too fast for you. But I love the idea. I'll pick you up right after you get off work tonight. When do you get home?

Maddy: Around six-thirty.

Colin: Okay. I'll be there. Be ready. Bring an overnight bag.

Maddy: I can't wait.

The endorphins hit me straight in the heart. For a second, the room spun. Colin, the big bouncer, the guy who had not only rescued me from a flying metal car but seemed interested in every word I had to say, just said he'd love that I'd asked to spend the night with him. Now I could say it truthfully. Mr. Menacing wanted me.

It was hard to concentrate at work. My skin was overly sensitive. I was either too hot or too cold. A restless shimmery warmth kept rising up like a fever from deep inside me.

I burned myself twice making fancy hot drinks.

I could still feel Colin's kiss on my lips, which I kept licking until they were nearly chapped.

I felt wild just thinking about doing any one of the daddy/little things we'd discussed

on our last two dates, from bath time to having him dress and undress me.

I imagined his fingers would be all over me, touching as if by mistake while he removed my pants and shirt. But it wouldn't be a mistake. Not with Colin. He liked me a lot; I was convinced. He would want to touch me on every inch of skin he uncovered.

I couldn't wait for work to be over.

I was wound up tight as a kite string. When I got home, I grabbed my overnight bag. I hadn't had time to pack before work.

I stood in front of my dresser and open closet doors trying to figure out what to bring. Jammies? Stuffedies to keep Kornie company? Definitely. And extra underwear. And jeans which were work clothes for me.

I had been in denial about my inner little for so long I hadn't gathered a lot of little boy things yet, but I did have something.

I stared at the pack of disposable adult diapers sitting in the shadows on the top shelf of my closet. They had never been opened. I'd bought them on a whim. I'd never had the nerve yet to experiment with them. Maybe Colin wouldn't be so hesitant. Maybe he would love to see me wearing them.

I snatched the bag of diapers off the top shelf and shoved it along with wet wipes into my backpack, which was now overly full of clothes, toy animals, toothbrush and toothpaste, and shaving kit. I couldn't zip it up.

Finally, I realized Kornie simply didn't fit inside. No problem. I could easily carry him. When I pulled him out I could finally zip it up. I was ready to go.

I kept checking my phone, impatient for time to go faster. I left a text for Dan. Finally, right at six-thirty, I looked out the window and saw the black BMW pull up.

I ran outside, my pack and Kornie flopping in my arms.

Colin got out with the car still running, came around to the passenger side and opened the door. I ran straight into him.

He opened his arms and wrapped them around me. He was like a strong force, a big immovable tree. He picked me up, pack and all, and swung me up until our faces were inches apart. Holding me in the air, he kissed me. My body immediately turned liquid and molten.

“That’s my not-a-baby,” he whispered into my ear.

I moaned in pleasure.

When he set me down, he took my pack and put it in the backseat. I got into the car and braced myself for a night to remember. I was ready to go now.

In the car, Colin reached out and brushed his fingers across my forehead. “No sign of a bump at all anymore.”

“I’m fine. It was just a graze.”

“I’m glad. Are you hungry?” Colin asked as he pulled away from the curb.

“Yes, please.” I bounced on the seat, tossing Kornie up in the air and catching him. “I can’t wait to see your place, but I am hungry, too.”

“Let’s go. I know just the place with great food.”

Please. I wanted to beg. To plead. I thought I would explode if he didn't grab me and take me right now. I'd never felt this way for anyone.

"I see you brought Kornie."

"Oh. Um. Yeah?"

Colin smacked his forehead. "I forgot to invite him. I'm glad you thought to bring him. Let's just get this clear now. Every time I invite you anywhere, he's invited, too." He paused, frowning and looking very serious. "He is a he, isn't he?"

I gulped. "Yes."

This was amazing. And also a turn on for me. But if he was a daddy, then he accepted I had toys and would want me to have them with me sometimes.

"Are you nervous, Maddy?"

I shrugged.

"That's not a no. Tell me why."

I pinched my lips together as I thought. "Well, um, we're spending the night together. For the first time."

"Yes. I'm very happy about that. Are you?"

I nodded. "I've never had a daddy before. So I'm not sure what to expect. Or what you want. Tonight, I mean."

"I'm glad you told me. I can easily help with that."

“You can?”

“First, I want you to know you can ask me anything. Anything at all.”

I already had so many questions. “I guess the first thing I’m wondering is if there are different kinds of daddies and what kind you are.”

He snorted. “I think I am the sort of daddy that is needed for each particular individual. I don’t mold boys. I let them grow into the things they want and love. I love all of it. What is your idea of a daddy?”

“The daddies I imagined or read about do different things for their boys. Like cook. And dress them. Give them baths. Even punishments. Like spankings. And sometimes make them wear diapers.” I flushed at that last image of Colin maybe powdering my ass and wrapping me in a Huggee like what I’d packed.

“As I said, daddies and their boys work out what they want between them.”

“Like making a list?”

“Yes. But I can tell you I like all of what you just said. You can request things, too.”

I flushed even harder, sweat breaking out on my back. “I like all of that. But you should be able to request things, too.”

He flashed me a grin. “I think we’re going to get along just fine.”

The restaurant he took me to for dinner was an upscale place. I left Kornie in the car because I still wasn’t comfortable taking him just anywhere.

We had a private booth, juicy steaks, loaded baked potatoes, and Caesar salads. I was

used to ramen, so this, like last night's appetizers, was quite a treat.

"Don't worry," Colin said. "I'm paying. If you don't mind, that's something I love to do as a daddy. I want to pay for my boys."

"Boys? As in plural?"

He rolled his eyes and hardened his mouth. "One at a time, not-a-baby. I don't share."

Another shiver of excitement shot through me.

Our conversation became more intimate as the afternoon grew late. We lingered at the restaurant. Colin never had any alcohol, though the waiter brought the drinks menu and asked twice. I didn't want any, but Colin said, "Usually, I don't drink. If you do, that needs to be something we discuss."

"No. Very rarely. Special occasions."

"Good. I allow wine for my boys on holidays if they want it. And I celebrate on holidays, too, with some drinking. But most of the time it's a hard no for me."

"I'm good with that."

He winked at me. "We're already getting along so well."

After what seemed like hours, Colin checked his phone and frowned.

I was instantly worried. I had not forgotten about his harasser.

"I've got to drop by work." He looked pained.

“But—but it’s closed today.”

“I know. But Trent is in town and he wants to see me. The meeting should be short.”

“Can I come with you?”

“Do you want to?”

I nodded. “I want to be with you.” What I really wanted to say was, Please don’t leave me.

This had been such a fantastic afternoon. And tonight I was expecting much more. I wanted Colin so much I thought I might explode.

“I’ll stay out of the way. I promise. I’ll wait as long as it takes. I just want to be with you.”

“You are the sweetest not-a-baby baby ever,” he said.

It was as if I had just learned to breathe. And now I realized I liked it. I wanted to touch Colin and never stop. He made me feel comfortable with the whole person I was and the little (still a new word for me) inside I’d been denying to myself and everyone, afraid to fully show myself.

We left the restaurant and walked together out to his car. As we were walking, a man in a wrinkled trench coat was heading toward the building. He came toward us, which wasn’t that odd for anyone whose goal was the front door. But he came a bit fast, and he didn’t seem to see us.

Just as he got a few feet away and I thought he might run into us, Colin grabbed me and shoved me behind him.

“Hey! Watch out.”

The man looked up just at that moment. “Oh, sorry. I’m preoccupied.”

“Who are you?” Colin asked, teeth gritted.

“What?”

“Are you following us?”

“I’ve never seen you in my life. I’m sorry,” the guy said. “I wasn’t paying attention.”

Colin said nothing as the man moved past us and went into the diner.

“Did you think he was coming after you?” I asked from behind him.

Colin turned. “I don’t know. I’m jumpy because of the harasser. It may be what this meeting at the club is about.”

I nodded and took his hand in mine. “It’ll be okay, Daddy.” I spoke softly.

“Thank you. You’re a breath of fresh air, Maddy.”

When we got to the club, Colin parked on the curb just outside one of the side exits. I unbuckled my seatbelt. Colin leaned toward me.

“Maddy, before we go in, may I kiss you?”

I thought he’d never ask. We’d only shared two kisses, both brief.

“Yes, please.” I turned toward him and tilted my face up, feeling like a golden light

had just spilled all over me. All that was missing was the romance movie soundtrack.

Colin put his fingers under my chin, cupping softly. When his lips brushed mine, it was as if sparks ignited all over my body. He was so warm and plush, his lips moving slightly, opening to tease me. I wondered if I should open my mouth. I wondered what he would taste like.

As that erotic thought shot straight to my groin, Colin pulled back. I didn't want to let him go. It would feel too cold not to have his mouth on mine.

I blinked fast.

He tickled my chin. "You're too wonderful."

My heart skipped. "I am?"

He kissed my forehead and sat back. "Yes. You are."

Colin

I couldn't help but look up and down the street as we got out of the car to make sure no one was around. The way I'd treated that stranger back at the restaurant parking lot had been a bit out of control. I needed to get my act together.

I knocked on the side exit Trent had asked me to use. The head of security, Carlo, opened the door. He frowned when he saw Maddy, who moved a little behind me hugging Kornie.

"He's with me."

"I wasn't informed. No one else is supposed to be here other than who Trent invited."

"We were on the date when I got the text. He's aware of the problem and because he's dating me that puts him at risk, too."

"Hold on."

Carlo, who was usually friendly to me, was all business. He stepped aside and spoke into his mike. I heard him mention my name, but not much else. When he came back to us, he said, "Okay. He can come. But he has to wait outside Mr. Winterbourne's office."

"That's fine."

Carlo stepped aside as I took Maddy's hand and led him in.

Carlo locked the door behind us, then led us upstairs.

The doors to Trent's opulent office were open. Inside, I was surprised to see so many people. Of course, Trent was there, of course. He stood behind his huge glass desk. At his side was his boy Ozzy. I remembered the night they'd met. Ozzy had been hurt by his out-of-control dom. We'd all arrived to diffuse the situation. I had to use hands-on to take down his dom. It wasn't pleasant.

It was a rare night that Trent was in town when that incident occurred, and also present at the club. He'd ended up taking responsibility for Ozzy.

I remembered how strange my boss's behavior was. Trent was so protective, and I'd never seen him show much emotion. But that night he looked worried. I thought it might be because he was afraid of a lawsuit. Even though club members signed liability waivers, that didn't stop people from suing.

But days later, I'd heard Trent had taken Ozzy with him to his estate in the mountains to heal. I didn't know Trent well, but he was my boss and I'd worked at the club for five years. I was familiar with his routines. And I also knew he had a rule never to fraternize with staff or patrons. It was the same rule that applied to all his staff. I was breaking that rule, just as Trent had done. But no one had said a word to me about it.

Ozzy was obviously a special case, especially when I found out over Christmas they'd become a couple. A daddy/little couple.

Ozzy looked much better than when I'd last seen him. Strong. Healthy. A very attractive boy.

I came into the room with Maddy trailing me.

"Hello, Mr. Winterbourne."

He gave me a quick smile. “I’ve told you to call me Trent. Who do you have with you?”

“That’s Maddy.”

“Hello, Maddy.” Trent’s voice went low and a bit soft when he spoke to him.

“Hi.”

“Hi, Ozzy,” I said. “You might not remember me.” I was afraid to say more that might trigger him. That had been a bad night.

Ozzy swallowed hard, his eyes widening. “I think I do, but I don’t know your name.”

“Colin.”

He nodded.

I turned to see the others in the room. Two were men I didn’t know, and I assumed they were Trent’s private detectives. Also present were Cuddles and Stewart. I raised an eyebrow at them both, greeting them by name.

Stewart just grunted. Cuddles said hello in return.

I frowned, wondering why they were here. I hadn’t spoken of my stalker to either of them.

Carlo stood at the doorway, silently watching us all.

Trent began to speak. “Ozzy. Maddy. I need you to go with Carlo and wait for us. Is that okay?”

Maddy nodded.

Ozzy said, “Yes, Daddy.”

I held Maddy’s hand harder, reluctant to let go. “Where are they going?”

“Carlo’s just taking them to the littles playroom where they can watch some TV and play while they wait. Is that okay?” Trent asked.

I turned to Maddy. “You’re not to leave that room. Understood?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Maddy gave me a sweet smile.

“Same for you, Ozzy,” Trent said.

“Yes, Daddy,” Ozzy replied.

“They’ll be fine,” Carlo said. “I’ve got security on the exits.”

“Good.”

That made me a little nervous. The club was closed. Locked down. Why security at the exits now?

Carlo hustled the two boys off, closing the office door behind him.

After they left, there was about two seconds of silence before Stewart spoke up. “What’s going on? Why was I called here?”

“Yeah? Me, too? What’s up, boss?” Cuddles asked.

Trent showed no emotion as he motioned for everyone to sit in the chairs he'd provided. He then sat behind his desk, straight and firm in his seat, and began to explain my stalking situation.

I thought he was filling in Stewart and Cuddles because they worked closely with me five nights a week. The detectives were silent but tense. Something was up.

When Trent reached the part of the story where this had been going on for months, and every text was from a different I.P. address making them impossible to trace, I heard Stewart shift in his seat. When I looked at him, he had an almost careless expression, like this story was boring to him.

Trent continued. "But one of my detectives is an expert at I.P. He worked for the F.B.I. He still has contacts there. Finally, we were able to get some information. Gil, can you tell us what you found?"

Stewart's body went taut.

As Gil began to speak, I realized right then and there they had found out who my stalker was.

Then he said a name. "It all traces back to the I.P. address of Griff Simon."

I cleared my throat. "Ozzy's former dom."

"Yes." Trent nodded at me. "Go on, Gil."

"I remember Griff," Cuddles interrupted. "He was banned for life. He kept coming back and hanging out outside. I saw him a few times when security went out to speak with him."

“Yes,” Trent said. “They were threatening to call the cops for loitering. He wasn’t technically trespassing unless he came onto the part of the sidewalk that hugs the building.”

“But a lot of people were involved in that,” Cuddles went on. “Why would he pick on Colin?”

“Maybe because I clocked him a good one in the jaw before I had security toss him, literally, into the gutter.”

Cuddles, frowned. “I don’t understand.”

“He couldn’t touch me,” Trent said. “I have too much security on all my devices. He couldn’t touch Ozzy because I hid him. I’ve still been hiding him. Colin was the easiest target.”

“Griff Simon.” I shook my head. “That guy was such bad news. He’d mishandled subs before.”

Trent broke in. “More than mishandled. He kept them locked away as slaves. Ozzy was kept in a room with nothing in it and starved for part of his so-called training.”

“I didn’t know that,” I said.

Cuddles leaned forward. “What can we do to help?”

Stewart said nothing.

“Has he been arrested?” I asked.

The detectives shook their heads. “He can’t be found. But it brings us to another

point. Griff had help. Someone with access to Colin's personal information."

My gaze shot to Stewart again.

"Who?" Cuddles asked.

Gil looked directly at Cuddles and Stewart. "One of you two."

"What?" they both said in unison.

Cuddles nearly started to choke. "I don't even know Griff. Honest. I've been working here for almost as long as Colin. I wouldn't ever help a bad dom out like that."

"No. But we weren't sure," Gil said. "So we brought you both in. You and Stewart are on security cameras being friendly."

Cuddles turned to Stewart, confusion in his eyes. "We're just friends. We sometimes talk. That's all. Right, Stewart?"

Stewart had a new look in his eyes, one of almost defiance, as he shrugged and grunted.

"But Stewart has access," Gil continued. "We have security footage that proves it."

"What proof?" They were the first words Stewart had uttered since the meeting had started.

Gil brought up a remote and the big screen TV on the far wall of Trent's office turned on. Video began to play. It showed Stewart walking along the line of lockers, looking over his shoulder, then stopping at mine. He jimmied the lock with a bent paperclip, then rifled through my stuff. He took his time looking through my wallet, but stole

nothing.

“What the--?” I couldn’t keep my mouth shut as I watched another clip begin to play.

Stewart was in the break room. I was there, too. We were sitting at the table eating a sandwich, my cell lying next to me. When I got up to go to the fridge for a drink, Stewart quickly grabbed my cell and opened it. He must’ve seen me use my lock code many times, because it looked like he had it memorized.

“Why?” I asked. “As a co-worker, he had my number.”

Gil spoke up. “That’s Stewart creating a tracking app on your phone.”

“What? Why?”

“I didn’t do anything like that,” Stewart began.

Gil zoomed in on the image. It was very clear. Trent had the best security for this joint. As we watched, we could all see what Stewart was doing.

I spun to face him. “Do you know Griff?”

Stewart shrugged again.

“Is that why you applied for a job here?” I asked. “To spy for him?”

Gil jumped in. “We managed to do a bit more background checking. Stewart is Griff’s half-brother. They have different last names but the same mother.”

“What?”

“Yes,” Trent said. “Which is why we’ve called this meeting. You are, of course, fired, Mr. Phillips.”

“So what? You can’t prove anything,” Stewart snarled.

“The video?” Trent asked him.

Stewart’s mouth twisted into a hard slant.

“We are hoping before we call the police to have you arrested that you might give us some indication of where Griff Simon is,” Gil said.

“You think I’d tell you?”

“Things might go easier for you if you do,” Trent replied.

Stewart’s face morphed into an ugly smile. “He’s closer than you think.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Trent asked.

“It means exactly that. He’s close.” Stewart let out a weird chuckle.

Maddy

Carlo led us to the little's playroom. He was nice. He turned on the TV and gave us the remote, showing us how to change the channels. It was all programmed in kid's mode, so showed only cartoons.

"Thank you." Ozzy took the remote from him.

I looked at the other boy, Trent Winterbourne's boy. He was super cute and was rich. I'd never known anyone so rich before.

"I'm Maddy," I said, as we both sat down on the beanbags.

"I'm Ozzy."

"You have a very handsome Daddy."

"So do you," Ozzy said.

"Well, I hope so. We've only just started. We haven't even spent the night together yet. It was supposed to be tonight."

"Really? That's exciting. I'm sorry you were interrupted on your date. Colin's nice. I met him a few times when I came to the club with my ex." His eyes darkened.

"But now you're with Mr. Winterbourne. That seems exciting."

His mood abruptly brightened. “It is. I love him so much. He’s the best daddy ever.”

“I hope I experience what you have.”

“With Colin?” he asked.

“I would like that. He’s so amazingly nice and handsome. And big. I would love to have him as my daddy. Totally my type.”

Ozzy giggled. “You have a crush.”

“Something like that.”

“My daddy was hard to break through to at first. But then, well, it was super good.”
His cheeks flushed.

The TV flashed cartoons before us, but we were more intent on talking, getting to know each other.

“How long have you known you’re a little?” I asked.

He scrunched up his face, thinking. “Maybe since I was about twenty.”

“I just learned the term. I had never heard of it before. But I’ve acted out like a baby sometimes since I was about sixteen, and wished I had a boyfriend who would do weird things like wash me and brush my hair. It was sexual, too. I thought I was so bad.”

Ozzy nodded. “It’s a scary feeling, but I always liked toys and I fantasized all the time about having a man take care of me. When I was as young as thirteen, my fantasies were about a man being with me, sleeping with me, and acting like a doctor.

It was very comforting. I didn't know what it meant until I was much, much older."

We talked about all sorts of personal subjects. We'd hit it off instantly, as if we were brothers waiting to discover each other.

"Are you into other kinks, like in this club?" I asked.

"I thought I might be. I didn't know. I let my ex do stuff because he wanted it. I wanted to please him. But I didn't like it. Like being strapped down and held and hurt. He told me it would feel good after a while. Endorphins or something. But it only hurt me and I wanted his approval so I did it."

"I've never experimented like that. I saw guys being whipped the last time I was here. I was fascinated, but not exactly because I want to do that."

"I understand exactly," Ozzy replied, repeating my emphasis word, drawing it out with his breath. "I like your stuffed unicorn."

I held him out to him. "His name is Kornie. Want to hold him?"

Ozzy took him gently into his arms.

Just then, my phone went off.

As I reached into my pocket to grab it, I heard the door to the playroom open. Thinking it was Carlo, I didn't look right away. But as Ozzy turned his head and froze, a chill went up my spine.

"Hey, what--?" I began.

"Don't touch that phone," said a firm, low voice.

I followed Ozzy's gaze to see a man in casual jeans and a white tank top standing in the doorway.

"Put it down," the man said, eyes on me.

"G—Griff?" Ozzy hugged Kornie so hard I thought the stuffing would come out.

I wanted to speak but somehow my voice got caught in my throat. Did Ozzy know this man? If the place was locked, how did he get in?

The man—Griff—took a step into the playroom and closed the door behind him. I knew the club was empty and the only people here were security guys and the men in Trent's office. This man wasn't supposed to be here.

"Why are you here?" Ozzy's voice was small, almost shaking.

"Why do you think?"

In a thick, almost-whisper, "I don't know."

"I came to take you home, boy."

I looked from Griff to Ozzy. Ozzy's big dark eyes started to fill up with unshed tears.

"Home?" he asked.

Was this his ex? The bad man ex?

"You've been gone long enough. Now it's time to stop playing around and come home. Remember who your true master is."

Ozzy started to shiver. Two tears splashed on his flushed cheeks. A high, desperate sound escaped his throat.

I threw my arms around him. “He’s not leaving. He has a new daddy.” The anger in my voice surprised me.

The warm body in my arms trembled.

Griff laughed and spread his arms. “No one’s around to stop me. I’m going to take him where no one will ever find him. Not even that egomaniac Trent Winterbourne.” He took two steps toward us.

I scurried back on my butt, nearly falling off the beanbag and taking Ozzy with me. I quickly stood up, lifting Ozzy up beside me. We both stepped back as Griff came forward two more steps.

“Stay away or else,” I yelled.

“Or else what?” Griff grinned.

I didn’t know what else. This guy was big. Bigger than Colin, even. Bigger than Trent. We littles didn’t stand a chance.

“Little boy acting so big,” Griff taunted. “Maybe I’ll take you with me, too. I’ll have twinsies. We’ll have so much fun together.”

Ozzy and I backed up faster until we hit the couches where the daddies sat as they watched their boys play. There was nowhere left to go.

Where was Carlo? He must’ve gone back upstairs. They were all preoccupied in their meeting. No one knew we were down here facing a very bad man. We were on our

own.

I looked around me, still holding onto Ozzy who was hugging Kornie hard and making huffing sounds like it was getting hard for him to breathe.

“Don’t make me use force, Ozzy. Just be a good boy and come along. Then no one will get hurt, okay?”

Ozzy let out a strange whine, then fell back onto the couch, his eyes rolling up. Kornie fell to the side.

My fear turned to outrage. “You made him faint. Look at what you did! You don’t care about him, or you wouldn’t have done that.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about, boy.”

I saw Ozzy was still breathing, then turned back toward Griff. “Leave him alone. He doesn’t want you.”

“How dare you talk about something you know nothing about!”

“I know he fainted from pure fear! Why would you want that in a boy?”

“Cute, isn’t he?”

My fingers curled into fists. “Why are you doing this to him?”

“Because he’s mine. I own him. And he knows it.” Griff strode forward so quickly I jumped back. He was bent over Ozzy within the blink of an eye. “Come on, boy. Get up. Get up!”

“Leave him alone!” I screamed the words. Everything that kept me polite and civilized and little went right out the window. I started to lash out. Kicking. Punching.

“Shit, you fucking brat! Stop that!”

Suddenly, hands were on me. Good. That would distract him. Maybe Ozzy would wake up and make a run for it.

I didn’t care about the hands on me, or how they rose to my neck and closed tight, making it hard to breathe. I kept kicking and punching with all my might. His hands choked the screams away. Now I struggled to keep my balance, to keep kicking.

“Little shit! Stop!”

The room began to spin. A sparkly darkness came in from the sides of my vision like a big, black tide. I heard a loud roar as the blood rushed inside me. Was this the end? My life had been so short. I wasn’t ready. And I had only just met the daddy I’d always dreamed of.

Suddenly, I was falling back. I thought I heard voices. So far away.

Somebody put a hand against my back, helping me to sit up. When had I fallen all the way down to the floor?

“Can you breathe?” a voice asked.

Air rushed into my lungs and out again. I blinked and the darkness that had crept into my vision started to recede.

I saw Colin on top of Griff, struggling to keep him down. Griff was huge. Trent, in his three-piece suit, joined in, one knee on his chest as Colin sat on the man’s thighs

and leaned in, holding his wrists to the floor.

Security came running into the room. “One man down at exit four. Alive but bleeding from a head wound.”

There were three men in uniform surrounding Griff, Trent and Colin, now. One knelt at Griff’s ankles and cuffed them with a short chain between them. Another knelt by Colin and Trent and cuffed Griff’s wrists with plastic bindings.

My throat hurt when I breathed, but I was okay. Now I was worried about Ozzy.

I forced myself up and went to him. He looked dazed and unsure, but his eyes were focusing again. I picked up Kornie and handed him to him to hold, then put my arms around him while talking softly into his ear.

“It’s okay. Griff’s caught. They caught him. He’s not going to hurt you ever again.”

As soon as security had Griff trussed up and on his feet, Trent jumped up and ran to Ozzy, taking him from me and gathering him into his arms. Colin came to me and hugged me, then leaned back and surveyed my neck.

“Are you all right? Do you need to go to the ER?” he asked.

I put my hand to my throat and rubbed. It felt like bruising only. “I think I’m okay.”

The guards dragged Griff out of the room. The detectives followed. Griff yelled and fought even as three guys held him, cussing worse than anyone I’d ever heard.

“It’s straight to jail with you and your brother Stewart,” I heard someone say.

Trent turned, still clutching Ozzy tightly to his chest. “Maddy should be taken for a

check. Bruising around the throat can lead to swelling until he can't breathe."

"Right." Colin caught me up as he stood, lifting me into his arms.

I put my legs around his waist and rested my head on his shoulder.

"Take him to the ER. Ozzy and I will follow in a few minutes," Trent said.

Colin whirled me around and ran like the wind out the playroom entrance. Ahead of us, security grappled with Griff. We followed them out the side exit where police cars were just pulling up.

Colin got me into his car, strapped me in, and drove down the street not paying attention to the speed limit.

"Tell me if you're having any trouble breathing."

"Okay." I was a little breathless. But mostly it was from all the adrenaline still running through my system.

Colin arrived at the ER lot in less than five minutes. He knew exactly where he was going.

Once we were inside, Colin grew impatient with the check-in process. When he explained I'd been choked until I almost passed out, the male nurse looked alarmed.

"By you?" he asked Colin.

I spoke up quickly. "No. It was by a bad man."

"He's under arrest right now. We rushed here. If his throat swells, he won't be able to

breathe.”

“We can get him into a special unit with a nurse on duty right away. Follow me.”

“Can I come with him?” Colin asked.

“Of course.”

We followed the nurse to a long room filled with about eight beds separated only by curtains. The nurse had me get onto the bed, then started taking all my vitals. The nurse who oversaw the room, a young woman with a long ponytail, came over to be filled in.

“This is Maddy,” Colin said to her.

“Hi, Maddy. I’m a Maddie, too, spelled with an ‘ie’.”

“I’m Maddy with a ‘y’,” I said.

Both nurses examined my neck. The check-in nurse took all my vitals.

“Everything seems normal, but his bruising does not look good,” Maddie said. “The doctor will be in shortly.”

Colin brought a chair to my bedside and sat with me as we waited.

“I am so sorry, baby,” he said. “What a horrible way to spend our first night together.”

“It’s not your fault.”

He shook his head. "I should have taken you home."

"But then Ozzy would've been all alone and even more scared. I fought him, Daddy. I fought Griff hard."

Colin blinked at me with a shaky smile. "My brave little bouncer. He was a very bad man who did very bad things to Ozzy. I was scared he had broken your airway."

"It's sore but I'm still breathing."

"What happened to Kornie?"

"Oh! I forgot. Ozzy has him." I let out a big sigh. "He's safe."

"I feel terrible that you got involved in all this."

"But it's over now, right, Daddy?"

"It's over. Griff will go to jail for a long time. Stewart will also do time as his accomplice. It's not just stalking, but now assault charges for Griff on you, Ozzy, Trent and me. Trent has a lot of power in this city. He'll make sure Griff is put away for a long time."

Colin held my hand as I lay back in the bed. I started to get a little tired, and I closed my eyes and drifted. Then everything went away as I fell asleep.

Colin

Maddy barely woke when the doctor came in to examine him. It scared me to see him in the hospital bed and not fully responding. The doctor instructed the nurse to give Maddy an injection.

“We’re going to give him an oxygen mask just to be on the safe side. I want to admit him and keep him overnight. We’ll monitor the swelling. I’ll give him something for that, as well, to keep it from getting worse.”

Maddy said nothing. He fell back to sleep in seconds.

“I’m not leaving his side. Is that okay?”

“Are you his husband?”

“Boyfriend.”

“Yes, that will be fine. I’ve already been informed the perpetrator has been arrested.”

“Yes, he was.” I knew the doctor was assessing me himself, just to make sure I wasn’t the one who’d done this to Maddy.

“I’ll get someone in here for the paperwork. Can you help with that?”

“I’ll try.”

Just then, Trent walked in followed by Ozzy, who clung to the back hem of his suit jacket. He had obviously overheard that last part.

“No need for any of that. I’m paying for his stay, however long that is. I’ll take care of everything. Just make sure this boy gets the best care you have. Send everything to me. Paperwork and whatever else you need.”

“Mr. Winterbourne?” The doctor straightened his shoulders. “Of course. The biggest donor to this hospital will always get the five-star treatment. But we do need a patient history.”

“In time. Let him sleep. He’s the hero of the day, you know. This little guy fought hard and saved my Ozzy from harm.”

“Hero?” I echoed. “He’ll love hearing that when he wakes up.”

Ozzy walked up to the bed, reached out and ran his hand over Maddy’s forehead. “Thank you, Maddy. Thank you for being there and helping me. And for being my new friend.” Then he leaned over the bed and placed Kornie along the crook of Maddy’s arm.

Ozzy looked up at Trent. “Can I see my new friend again? Please?”

“He will be welcome to any of our homes at any time, little one,” Trent said.

Ozzy swung his hands forward, clutching his own wrists. A shy boy. Someone I’d never pegged to be Trent’s type. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“Thank you, Trent,” I said. “For everything.”

“For getting caught up in my mess?” He shook his head.

“It’s my job. I’m honored to do it. I’m just glad this drama is over with now.”

“After this, you’ll be getting a raise. It’s the least I can do for my best bouncer.”

He already paid me too much. More than I needed. I was grateful. For the job. For an attentive if eccentric boss, and for the club that brought Maddy into my life.

Whatever drugs the nurse gave Maddy kept him sleeping even as he was transferred to a private room. I was allowed to go with him every step of the way.

I didn’t like seeing my boy—in my private thoughts, he was my boy to me now—in any sort of hospital bed, no matter how nice. I knew he was in no danger with the great care he was getting, but I itched to take him out of here.

Later into the night, as Maddy slept, I turned the TV on low for some company. But I couldn’t focus on it, and I turned it off.

I fiddled with my phone and kept expecting nasty texts only to remind myself that wasn’t going to be happening anymore.

A nurse came in and offered to bring in a cot. At first I declined, but later I said yes. I needed to lie down. The night had taken more out of me than I’d realized.

I lay down and got comfortable on the pillows, but never took my eyes off Maddy. He looked a little pale beneath the oxygen mask, the bruises on his neck all dark purple now. Intermittent flares of anger shot through me when I looked at them. How dare Griff hurt a boy like that? Or anyone, for that matter? He’d hurt Ozzy. Tonight, he had hurt Maddy. What kind of man did those things? He was sick. And his half-brother had helped him. Why?

Stewart had been the kind of guy who was a bit irresponsible, late for work and

taking his time with tasks I gave him, but he didn't seem mean or out of control. It made me wonder what sort of influence and control Griff had over his younger brother. Maybe for years.

I set my phone on the bed beside me and closed my eyes. Just to rest them, I told myself.

The next thing I knew, morning light was seeping through the edges of the curtained windows. I lifted my head to check on Maddy. He was on his side, his mask off, and staring at me.

"Morning," he said. His voice came out a little hoarse.

"Morning, not-a-baby. How are you feeling?"

"Good. I guess I slept."

"They gave you some muscle relaxants and anti-inflammatories."

"Whatever it was, it put me right to sleep."

"What happened to your mask?" I asked.

"The nurse came in really early and I needed to pee. She said I could take it off."

"And they didn't tell you to put it back on?"

He shook his head, wincing as he did so.

I sat up and stretched my legs over the side of my cot.

“Daddy?”

I was so happy to hear him call me that now. “Yes?”

“When can I go home?”

“Soon, baby. I’ll find out when, okay?”

He nodded. He pointed to Kornie. “When did he come back?”

“Trent and Ozzy came by last night, but you were out of it.”

“I was going to tell Ozzy he could keep him for company. He had a real scare and Kornie’s good for making the mind calm.”

“You had a real scare, too, baby.”

“Yeah. But I don’t remember being scared. Just mad as H. E. double hockey sticks. I wanted Griff to just go away and leave Ozzy alone. He tried to take Ozzy away. I kicked and hit Griff as hard as I could.”

“You wanted to help your friend.”

“Ozzy was so scared he fainted.”

I leaned forward and took Maddy’s hand in mine. “Again, I’m so sorry you had to go through that.”

Maddy’s eyes started to shine as tears gathered. “If you hadn’t come, he would’ve killed me, I think.”

I swallowed hard, shutting my eyes for a second. It was a scenario I'd played over and over in my mind before I slept. What if Trent and I had gotten there too late?

There were always 'what ifs' in life. It all could have turned out so much worse. Whatever wins came my way, I gladly took them.

"I'll always protect you, Maddy. That's a promise."

His mouth curved up in a sweet baby smile.

The door to the room opened and next thing we knew breakfast was served. They had brought two trays.

We happily ate cooling eggs, chewy toast with hard pats of butter, and little brown sausages. There were also fruit cups and orange juice boxes. We were set.

"I promise, I'll take you out for a better breakfast later, okay?"

Maddy frowned. "Am I still going to your house?"

"Do you want to?"

"Yes, please. I'd feel safer."

"You're safe, baby. The bad men are locked up, now."

"If you don't want me to?—"

I interrupted. "That's not what I meant. I want you with me. Of course, I do. Then I can take care of you while you heal."

“I’m glad.” He smiled and sucked on his juice box until it made an empty noise.

By ten a.m., we were cleared to go. Paperwork for release took a long time. Plus, Maddy had to wait for the doctor to make his rounds.

A nurse wheeled Maddy outside in a wheelchair, as per hospital policy, and then Maddy, Kornie and I walked the rest of the way to my car. No one asked us for insurance. No one asked us to pay a dime.

Maddy had been worried about that. He was between medical insurance, not quite qualifying for state aid, and his job didn’t offer it to part-timers. I reassured him that Trent had taken care of everything. This was never his problem to solve.

In the car, Maddy piped up. “I wish I could see Ozzy again.”

“That can be arranged. We have a standing invitation to any of Trent’s homes. Ozzy said he wanted to see you again, too.”

“He did?”

“He sure did. You made quite an impression.”

“We talked a little. Before—well—before Griff showed up. We have a lot of things in common.”

“I’ll bet you do. We can definitely see both Trent and Ozzy again.”

When we got to my house, Maddy was impressed. It was pretty big. A two story on three acres.

“You live here?”

“Yep.”

“Alone?”

“Yep.”

“Wow. I didn’t know your job paid so well.”

“It doesn’t. I grew up here. My parents are gone. I inherited it. And two other properties as well.”

“I like it.”

He bounced in his seat as I pulled up to my garage.

“It feels good to have a place to come home to that’s all mine.”

“Can I see the yards? Can I have a tour?”

“Well, baby boy, I think that should wait until later. The doctor said you should have bedrest for the next couple of days.”

Maddy pouted.

“You can get comfy in my bed, okay?”

“Your bed?”

His question made me realize that I was presuming a lot. We had had a date to sleep together, but that had been before he got hurt. Now things were more focused on Maddy to get well.

“I’ll sleep in the spare room.”

“No, Daddy. With me. Please. I’ll heal fast and be a good boy. Promise.”

My heart warmed and turned over in my chest. “I’ll do whatever you want, sweet boy.”

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Maddy

I was surprised when we turned into a nice neighborhood. I'd expected Colin to live in an apartment or condo, like most people I knew. But of course, he was older. More established.

We pulled into a curving driveway lined with neat hedges and drove right up to a fancy two-story with a path that wound through flower beds. There was a porch with a swing. I couldn't believe how beautiful it all was.

"You live here?"

"Yep."

"Alone?"

"Yep."

"Wow. I didn't know your job paid so well."

"It doesn't."

He told me he had other properties he'd inherited. I had no idea my daddy was rich.

When we pulled into the garage, which was huge and had other nice cars parked in it, he reminded me I needed to go straight to bed. That meant a tour of his property had to be saved for later.

I hugged Kornie to me. As we walked into his house, I blurted, “I didn’t even realize—” I cut myself off. I didn’t want to sound improper about just now learning he was richer than anyone I knew except for Ozzy and Trent.

“That I have money and assets? No one knows unless they’ve been to my house. I don’t tell anyone at work. I don’t want them to know I do the job for fun.”

“I won’t tell anyone,” I said. “I promise.”

“I want you to know, Maddy, I couldn’t wait to bring you here.”

“Why?”

He kept blinking. “Because I could already tell when I first met you you’re special.”

On the way to the staircase, I dawdled, trying to see everything at once. It was all high ceilings and gold brocade molding. The chairs and couches in the huge living room were black leather. There was a giant TV screen on the wall over the mantle.

“My father was an architect. He died when I was fifteen. My mom died about five years ago. I’ve only just now gotten rid of most of their things and made the place mine,” he offered when he saw me turning around to look at the rooms.

“That must’ve been hard.”

“It was.” He raised an eyebrow at me.

“My parents are in Wisconsin,” I said. “They really don’t keep in touch. It’s because of, well, you know. They have a little trouble with the whole LGBTQ thing. They don’t like thinking of me that way.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, sweet boy.”

Well, it was what it was. I had no choice in the matter.

“Can I at least see the downstairs before we go up to your room?”

Colin’s face got all soft. He took my hand. “Come with me.”

Colin showed me around the kitchen, the dining room and the two bedrooms downstairs. One was a guest room. The other had all his exercise equipment. I knew he worked out, but now I knew he had his own gym. It was amazing.

All the while he kept hold of my pack.

With the first floor tour done, Colin turned to me. “Are you ready to go upstairs?”

“More than ready.” I couldn’t keep the breathiness from my voice, even though I knew I was going up there only to rest.

“This way.”

I followed him up a curving flight of stairs with a wooden handrail so highly polished it looked like it made its own light. We walked across a rather plain-looking landing that led to a vast open space that made me gasp.

Before me was a huge playroom. It held so many toys I didn’t know where to look first. My heart started to pound. It was a dream and like what had happened several times since meeting Colin I had to convince myself this was reality.

Colin walked me by a giant rocking horse that had to be ten feet tall at the head, the kind you might see at a fairground event. He reached out and took my hand.

Slowly, we moved through the room. I held Kornie tightly to me.

There were shelves of games and stuffies. Electronics galore. A popcorn machine. A cotton candy machine. A soda fountain. A train on real tracks. It was big enough to ride and the tracks made a circle around the edges of the room.

There were multi-colored sparkle lights along the walls and framing the window, and whiteboards for drawing and colorful tables and chairs all around. But best of all, and already my favorite part of the whole huge room, was a little alcove like a cave with painted jungle plants all around the outside and little painted animals peering through the leaves. The alcove part was the cave, and inside was a wide bed with lots of soft pillows. The walls above the bed and on each side were entirely made of bookshelves. I immediately wanted to curl up there with a stack of picture books.

“It’s too much.” I was rocking up and down on my toes, unable to keep still.

Colin squeezed my hand. “Yes, it can be a bit overwhelming.”

I looked up at him. “It all looks so new. But you’ve had boys here before.”

“Only a few. Not to worry. They weren’t the right fit. But you, on the other hand....”

“Me?” It was still too early in our relationship. He couldn’t know if I was a right fit yet. We’d had a sleep-over date planned for last night to find out. It had never happened.

He eyeballed me as if seeing me for the first time, his look glaring and hard again. Mr. Menacing. I flinched.

“Yes, you, you little silly. I think maybe I’d like to try with you.” His tone didn’t match his look. It was soft and seductive. In a roomful of toys with the promise of a

very soon first time with a real daddy, the fever came up from inside me again, like a powerful wind leaving no part of my body untouched.

“Try?”

He nodded. “I have a feeling about you.”

I wanted to jump up and down and yell. I held back, all except for a big grin, my entire body shivering in a good way.

Colin dropped his hand from mine and put his arm around my shoulders. His free hand went underneath my other shoulder, still holding my overnight pack, and suddenly I was being lifted up.

I allowed it to happen, reaching out to pull myself closer to him so he could hold me as my legs went around his waist, my arms around his neck with Kornie still dangling from one hand. I was in total little mode from one moment to the next. And aroused more than I could ever remember being.

My hard cock pressed against his stomach. He was hot beneath his clothes, his chest rising and falling against mine. I could tell he was as aroused as I was.

“Oh, you’re so not-a-baby, aren’t you?” he murmured, sliding his palm up and down my spine. “But it’s all bedrest for you today. Nothing more.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

My throat was a little sore but that was all. I was mad I would have to wait, but I didn’t show it.

I pressed my hot face against his neck and said nothing. I was such a baby. More of a

baby than I could ever admit. I wanted to shout about it. I finally wanted to embrace it all the way.

He swung me around and moved quickly across the playroom to another room. It was his room. I could scent the essence of his life here—his ecstasies, his tragedies, his Christmassy pine aftershave—before I looked around.

I saw shades of blues and greens, beige and black, and the biggest bed ever. I knew it had to be custom made. Colin headed straight to that bed.

“I want no arguments from you. You’re to stay in bed today and I’ll bring you whatever you like. Plus, there’s a TV on the wall to entertain you.”

“But you’ll stay with me, Daddy, right?”

“I’m not going anywhere.” He lay me gently on one side of the bed, placed my overnight pack at the foot of the bed, then pulled down the covers on the other side. “Here, now.” He tapped the bare sheet.

I scurried over to that side, placing Kornie on the pillow beside me.

Colin then bent over my feet and began to take off my shoes and socks. Slowly, he undressed me. I let him because I wanted it. I wanted him to see me and be there for me like this, taking my clothes and putting them away. Treating me like his very own baby.

When I was down to my underwear, he looked me over. His eyebrows were severe, but his eyes were soft, his mouth upturned.

“Did you bring your pajamas?”

“Yes, Daddy. In my overnight bag.”

He grabbed it, opening it, and dumped everything out on the bed. Everything.

My cheeks got immediately hot. There were the wet wipes, and the unopened bag of diapers, the extra underwear and some plastic toy animals. Everything about me was exposed now. Not that Colin didn't know, but it was different seeing it all piled up on the bed and me lying before him in only my underwear.

He looked up at me. “I'm honored that you came prepared.”

I flushed even hotter.

He picked up my rolled-up jammies and shook them out, smiling. “These are cute. They have little flying horses and hearts all over them. Are they your favorites?”

I nodded.

He held up the pants. “Lift your leg so I can put them on you.”

This was everything I'd ever wanted. A daddy to play with. A daddy to dress me. A daddy to care for me. I felt like my whole life, even the scary stuff with Griff, had been leading straight up to this moment.

Colin drew the pants up my legs, his fingertips touching my bare skin all the way up. I lifted my hips so he could get them up to my waist. My underwear bulged with my arousal.

He said nothing about it. He patted me on my shoulder, and I raised my arms so he could get the pullover pajama top on me.

When I was finally dressed for bed, he said, “Good boy.”

He tucked Kornie closer to my head, then pulled up the covers. “Too warm? Too cold?”

“No. It’s perfect. Your bed is soft.”

“I have a housekeeper who comes every week to clean. They change the sheets and do laundry, too. These are fresh. I planned to have you here last night, but no one’s been here since.”

“They feel good.”

“I’m glad. I’m going to take very good care of you.” He tucked all my things back into my pack and again set it at the foot of the bed. “And now I’m going downstairs to make you a tray of snacks and juice. You just rest, baby boy. Okay?”

“Okay.”

He fussed with the covers a bit more, then turned and left the room.

I sighed happily, wriggling myself down further under the feathery wonder of his bed.

“Kornie, we found ourselves a real daddy,” I said, hugging my stuffie to me.

Colin

Maddy ate a cookie and an orange for his snack.

“You make good snacks, Daddy.”

I laughed. The cookie was from a package. The orange grew itself.

Maddy kept saying he was fine and that he wasn't tired. But he still spent most of the early afternoon fast asleep, eating only his snack and skipping lunch. He'd been through such an ordeal. And it was all my fault.

I reasoned with myself that I was the victim of a stalker. And that in order to not let my stalker win, I had needed to go on with my life as usual. I couldn't help who I fell for. Who I wanted to date. If I felt attraction for a boy and a need to care for him, it was something deep inside me that came without reason, without a plan.

Maddy fell into my life when he was a no-fault part of a little's fight. And now, again, he'd gotten hurt on only his third time at the club. The club was turning out to be a curse for him. Maybe I needed to have him stay away? But I worked there. It would be difficult if this turned into a long-term thing for us.

Plus, seeing the club itself as a curse was only one point of view. It did, in fact, bring us together.

I loved watching him sleep. Like a little cherub with flushed cheeks and long eyelashes brushing those cheeks.

I hadn't gotten much sleep on that hospital cot, so mid-afternoon I lay by his side listening to him breathe and fell asleep myself.

We both seemed to wake at the same time.

My gaze went straight to the bruises on his neck. They were still dark but maybe fading just a bit.

He blinked at me. "They don't hurt."

I smiled. "Good."

"You slept with me."

"Yes."

"It's official."

I chuckled. "Hmm."

"Thank you for watching over me."

I reached out and brushed my fingers over the side of his face. "My pleasure."

He frowned.

"What is it, baby?"

"I keep thinking I have to go to work tomorrow."

"No. You don't."

“What?”

“You have a week off to heal.”

“But with part-time there are no sick days at Coffee Haus. I’ll lose my pay. I can’t afford rent if I lose my pay!”

“Trent and I took care of it. You’ll still get paid, I assure you.”

A deeper line appeared between his eyebrows. “How did you take care of it? Money? I would feel weird about that.”

“Baby, you were a victim twice now in Trent’s establishment. There is such a thing as liability.”

“But we sign waivers.”

“Yes. But Trent knows everything that happened to you wasn’t your fault. Don’t worry so much. He’s a very fair man. He’ll pursue outlets to get that money back if he needs to. He has a herd of lawyers. But for now, you are not responsible for your hospital bills, follow ups, or losing pay from your job. Your paycheck will be on time and with a little bonus for your trouble, okay?”

His eyes widened. “Like tips?”

“Yes. Like that.” I couldn’t help but grin at the purity of his response. I had the impression this little one never had an evil thought in his life.

“We get a lot of tips at the Coffee Haus, but we share them. Will this one be shared?”

“No. It’s just for you.”

He scrunched up his face. Finally, he spoke. “Okay.”

“Good. Because Daddy knows best, right?”

He brightened. “Right.” I happened to know his tip was around 10k. But I wasn’t going to tell him that.

I helped him sit up and get comfortable. “I’m going to bring you some dinner in bed, now.”

“I can walk, Daddy.”

“I know, but this is more fun, isn’t it?” I turned on the TV for him, then handed him the remote.

He looked at it, a little dazed. “Wow.”

“What?”

“A whole week off from work. I’ve never had a real vacation before.”

“And you’ll be staying right here with me.” I paused. “Only if you want to.”

He smiled up at me. “Really? Hooray! I want to! I gotta text Dan.”

“That’s fine.” I handed him his phone and patted him on the shoulder. It turned into a stroke down his arm. My skin tingled. My cock woke.

I had him for a whole week. And he wanted to be here.

Maybe the club was more magical than a curse. Magic was just magic, right? It could

mean all different things. It could be good and bad at the same time. That's what the club was. Good and bad at the same time depending on how you approached it. Like Trent didn't really make a profit off the club, but he used it as a tax shelter. Good and bad. Plus, it created jobs for a very large staff, and provided a fantastic place for queer men of all walks of life to come express their varying niche predispositions. Good, good and good.

I ordered pizza for dinner from one of the best places in town. I got appetizers of buttery garlic rolls, and cinnamon buns for dessert. It was too much food. Which was fine by me because I enjoyed leftovers.

Maddy had grown to trust me in such a short time. As we watched TV and digested our huge junk food meal, he inched himself closer and closer to me on the bed until he could rest his head on my shoulder.

I put my arm around him and pulled him closer.

"That was the best pizza ever," he said softly.

"It's from my favorite place."

He tilted his face up to mine. "Will you kiss me, Daddy?"

I leaned down and kissed him gently, close-mouthed, on the lips. If you didn't count the kisses I gave him to his cheek and forehead, it was only our third kiss.

It sent me spiraling. I pulled back, my body reeling.

"More, Daddy." He curled into me.

I kissed him again, this time opening my lips and daring to lick his. He was as sweet

as I imagined. Moreso now that he was in my bed and we were doing this. But I had to hold back. Maddy still needed more time to heal. He might tell me his neck didn't hurt, but those bruises were not something to take lightly.

Maddy's hand trailed along my thigh. I let it move for a few seconds before grabbing his wrist and stilling that movement.

Maddy grunted against my mouth, pulling back slightly.

"It's still too early." My voice came out low. Supportive. "You need at least another night. Those bruises are bad."

"Just don't touch me there and we'll be fine." There was a slight pleading tone to his words.

I knew myself well. When I got into a boy, I'll admit, I might lose control. I liked to love my boys completely, all over, and when I got really into it I didn't stop until satisfied. I wanted to know that Maddy was ready. And healthy. Giving pain to my boys was not my thing except for a bit of sweet spanking on bare bottoms now and again.

"Maybe tomorrow." I kissed the side of his head.

"Promise?"

"I can't promise. But I can assure you we will assess the situation carefully."

"I will be ready. I will."

"Glad to hear it." Of course, I was. I didn't want to wait. It was killing me.

“Can I have a bath, Daddy?”

I shut my eyes and smiled. He was going to be a handful and a half tonight, and I was going to have to assert all the self-control I possessed.

I filled the tub with bubbles. Maddy leaned over the side, already playing with them. “Is it ready? Can I get in?”

I looked at him, making a face. “First you have to undress.”

“Yeah. Fuck. Almost forgot.”

“You know little boys don’t say fuck, right?”

He nodded solemnly. “Do Daddies say fuck?”

I laughed. “Sometimes. We’re allowed.”

“Because you’re the adult in the situation.”

“That’s exactly right.”

He was going to be a great playmate. And lover.

Maddy pulled his shirt over his head in seconds. When it came to his pajama pants, though, he looked at me, thumbs inside the waistband. Frozen.

“Are you shy, baby?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know.”

I turned off the faucet. The tub was white with foam. I threw in some plastic toy ducks and boats. And a shark or two. Those sharks were sex toys. They had large mouths big enough to fit a cock inside, and their fangs were made of stretchy, soft gummy plastic. When the shark found its prey, it was able to swallow it whole, its insides coated with a sponge that soaked up water and remained soft and wet and hot as it moved up and down its smaller worm prey. I don't think he noticed them for what they were.

"Well?" I asked. "The toys are in the tub waiting for you to get in and play."

"Um, my cock, um, I mean I call it my pee-pee privately, but well, it's hard."

"That's okay, baby. I've seen it all." But not his. Not this sweet boy's pee-pee.

Slowly, he pushed the pants down. His cock got caught in the waistband, then bobbed free. It was so hard it pointed straight up to his belly, the tip red and glistening. Such a young thing.

"You're beautiful."

His cheeks got pink, as they seemed to do with any compliment I gave him. He took a deep breath, lifted his leg and climbed into the tub. It gave me a fantastic view of his pink, nearly hairless balls, and his pert little round ass.

Slowly, he lowered himself into the water. His balls dangled, hitting the bubbles at the same time as his ass did, sinking into popping white wetness. His cock was the last to become engulfed.

"That's perfect. So pretty. The water's not too hot. You can sit all the way down."

With only the tip of his pee-pee showing amid the bubbles, it bobbed and then

disappeared.

Maddy leaned forward, his knees bent, and started to grab at the toys.

As he played, I took a cloth and gently washed him. I was very gentle with his neck area. He was still taking pain pills and anti-inflammatories, but he kept insisting it didn't hurt. I wanted to be extra careful.

I washed his legs. I batted the toys around, making him squeal in delight.

I wanted to wash between his legs, but maybe it was too soon? I held the cloth to the side.

He caught my hesitation. "Are you going to wash all of me?"

"Do you need me to?"

He nodded. "Yes. But I'm very stiff."

"Making it awkward?"

He nodded a second time.

"Maybe the shark can help."

"What do you mean? Sharks bite."

I grabbed one of the sharks that had gone floating the furthest away from him. I brought it out of the water and showed him the mouth. "See? The teeth are like gummies. And inside is a sponge that can wash that area very clean."

His eyebrows popped up. “I don’t know. It might make my pee-pee squirt.”

“If that happens, baby, it’s a very natural response.”

“It is?”

“Very much so.”

“If you say so, Daddy.”

“Okay, then. Here we go. Zoom. Zoom.” I ran the shark over the surface of the water where most of the bubbles had already popped. “Sharky’s looking for his prey. He likes big juicy worms sometimes. Zoom. Zoom.”

Maddy began to giggle uncontrollably. “I got a worm!”

“Where? Show us.”

Maddy put his hands down into the water and lifted his hips. His hard cock stood up nearly straight. It was still as hard as when he’d gone into the tub.

“Here comes the hungry Sharky.” I made the shark zoom up and leap into the air. Then I aimed the toy for the tip of Maddy’s cock.

The shark’s mouth began to swallow him.

Maddy giggled louder.

The entire shark was actually a glorified fleshlight. A sheath for adult tub play.

“Maddy, hold the base of your pee-pee so it points straight up. Then Sharky can

swallow you whole.”

Maddy grabbed his cock and I pushed Sharky straight down onto it. My boy’s eyes rolled right up and he fell back in the water. So perfect. So ready to be properly washed.

He leaned his head against the back of the tub, eyes slits now.

I moved Sharky gently up and down his hard cock. “Here we go. Just cleaning and cleaning. Can you feel the spongy insides cleaning you?”

Heaving his breath now, he replied. “Yes, Daddy.”

I moved Sharky a little faster, milking him from base to tip. Between Sharky’s teeth, I could see the redness of his delicate skin at the head and along his shaft. He was so close, having held himself back, like me, all day.

My own cock pressed painfully at my pants. But it was going to have to wait.

I moved Sharky faster and faster until Maddy’s face scrunched up. “It’s cleaning me, it’s cleaning me,” he wheezed.

I was so pleased with his openness and willingness to do this for me. In front of me. When before he’d acted too shy to undress all the way.

I gave Sharky a few more tries at eating his prey whole when I saw, on the way back up to the tip, Maddy’s shaft begin to throb. I milked the shark’s mouth on his pee-pee up and down, only going halfway, knowing that would get the most from him.

Maddy gave a few eeps, then some long moans as he came into Sharky’s mouth.

When I pulled Sharky all the way off, his cock was still dribbling white milk.

I lifted my voice in praise. “That’s great. Let’s rinse all that off.”

“Oh my,” he said under his breath. “Oh my.”

I splashed water on his spent dick, the tip still red, still shiny.

“Time to get you out now.”

Maddy could barely stand at first. He leaned into me. “Oh my,” he said again.

“You like bath time?”

“I do with you,” he replied.

I wrapped him in a big towel, dried him gently, then led him back to my bed where I held him until he slept, my erection pulsing against my boxers all night long.

Only late into the night did I remember the diaper pack in his overnight bag. I’d forgotten to ask him if he wanted a diaper. But we had time for that. And more.

We had all week.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Maddy

The next night, finally, we determined I was ready for some real play. We'd both been sporting erections on and off all day long. After the Sharky incident, I was so pent up I could barely think. All the blood had rushed from my brain to elsewhere.

I assured Colin I was feeling fine.

I saw his self-control crumbling. I'd seen it bit by bit all day, but now it all seemed to drop away leaving him all pliant and practically panting before me.

"I want to play with you, Maddy. I want to play with you all night long if you'll let me."

"Yes, Daddy."

"I love hearing you say that," he replied. "Every time you call me Daddy it sends a bolt of lightning through my body."

"Daddy. Daddy. Daddy."

"Evil little gremlin," he said.

We were downstairs, watching TV.

Now Colin brought me upstairs, carrying me, my legs wrapped around his waist. We crossed the playroom, which emitted a mental siren call that got louder and louder

each time I passed through it. There were so many wonderful things in there I had yet to explore.

Colin crawled onto the big bed on his knees with me still wrapped around him. I let my hands and legs slip away from his body. Kornie, who had been squished between us, dropped to the side, forgotten.

Colin tilted his head and kissed me. Even lying down, I still had a feeling of falling. His kisses were that hot.

“Are you sure you’re ready?”

“I’m more than ready, Daddy.”

He opened his mouth to suck on my lower lip. I let my lips part and the connection deepened. My cock grew harder than I thought it could get. It ached from balls to tip.

In my sexiest fantasies, I still couldn’t imagine it would be this good with a real daddy. I’d been with other boys before, but only fooling around. I’d lost my virginity at eighteen. But I’d never had a real boyfriend. I never had someone hold me the way Colin did. Or want to date me. My friends didn’t even use the word date. They talked of hookups and friends with benefits. Plus, none of them knew about my baby side. My little.

That wasn’t how I wanted my life to go.

Colin gently lowered his weight onto me. I loved the sensation of not being able to move, of being held down and waiting for Daddy to make all the decisions.

He explored my mouth quite thoroughly, warm and deep, then began to kiss me on the chin and the jaw, moving down to my throat. All I could do was grasp tightly at

his shirt.

“Does that hurt when I kiss you there?” he asked.

I had not even considered it. I loved his lips on my skin. Everywhere. “No, Daddy. I promise.”

When my t-shirt got in Colin’s way, he grumbled. “Off.”

I raised my arms and Colin leaned up so I could lift myself enough for him to slide it over my head. For a moment, I was nervous again like last night at the tub. I wasn’t buff like Colin. I had no chest hair, nothing to really brag about. But the nervousness vanished when I realized that if Colin liked boys and littles, he might prefer exactly what I had on offer.

He’d had no complaints last night at bath time.

Colin tossed my t-shirt aside and put his palms on my chest, stroking as if to soothe away any secret fears I still might be hanging onto. His hands were big, his fingers long and beautiful. I wanted him to touch me all over.

His hands went to my waist, and he straightened up to begin work on my waistband. My mouth hung open like a fool. My eyes kept rolling up. He got my button undone and my zipper down, then started tugging. I lifted my hips.

“That a boy.”

My pants came down, underwear and all. Colin shifted over to the side to drag them all the way off along with my underwear, shoes and socks. Now I was completely and utterly bare before him for the second time, revealed for him.

His grin was almost feral. “Look at you. You’re gorgeous.”

I lay very still watching him. He swept his gaze up and down my body, stopping at my groin, which made me ache even more.

My cock was super stiff, arched up toward my stomach. I could see how dark the shaft was, how swollen and pink at the tip. It was already leaking. My balls twitched. I slowly drew my feet up, bending my knees to spread my legs. I didn’t think about it. My body responded by itself, wanton, begging.

“Not such a baby right now, then,” Colin said, placing his hand on my thigh and brushing upward.

“But I am. For you.” My little was so awake and alive right now. He wanted caresses and kisses and rubbies. He wanted to be praised and coddled and fondled. And to blubber in baby talk about his daddy taking him, making him swoon, making him come. It wasn’t weird. I knew that now that I’d met others like me.

“Oh, but this isn’t a baby.” Colin’s hand finally reached my balls and cupped them gently, then encircled my shaft.

I had to admit he was right. I had a fully adult male pee-pee.

I drew in a series of quick breaths. My legs parted even more. “Daddy!”

“Sweet,” Colin whispered. Then still holding my cock, he leaned down and kissed me on the mouth again.

My arms flailed and went up over my head. One of my hands bumped Kornie, and I grabbed onto him to ground me because I felt so good I thought I might float straight up through the air and hit the ceiling.

When he pulled back, I whispered, “Daddy, I want more.”

“Do you now?” His hand moved back over my balls and then pressed beneath them.

I spread my legs even more and lifted my hips. “Yes, that.”

“That’s a very adult thing to want.”

It was. But I also felt little.

“Daddy, is it okay?”

Colin moved his fingers over my crease until he found my pucker. “Yes, not-a-baby. It’s wonderful. My boys always get whatever they want.”

With his house and the big playroom, he was going to spoil me rotten. I just knew it.

Colin pulled his hand back and I whined in protest.

“So demanding,” Colin said.

I couldn’t quite tell if he was delighted or annoyed. I opted for delighted.

I watched him grab something from the side of the bed and realized it was lube. If possible, my excitement increased. I couldn’t keep still and wiggled against him.

“You like this?” He held up the bottle.

“Yes, sir.”

He wasted no time clicking open the pop-up lid and pouring it into his hand. He was

back between my legs in no time, having grabbed a pillow with his non-lubed hand to push under my hips. No one had ever done that for me before, and it was far more comfortable than the few ways (very few; I could count them on one hand) I'd had sex in the past.

Before he could get really intense again, I leaned up on my elbows, still clutching Kornie.

"Daddy, it's not fair. You're still dressed."

"I'll take care of things. Don't worry yourself."

I leaned back, staring up at the ceiling. I imagined Colin naked, pushing himself into me. The fantasy was about to happen. He was taking too long.

"Daddy, I need it now." I heard the whine in my voice and almost cringed. But then I realized I was okay. I was with a daddy, my new daddy, and he knew I was a boy.

His hand went to my crease again, lubing me up. When his finger entered me, I moaned and inhaled at the same time, which almost made me choke.

"Relax for Daddy, now," Colin instructed.

I closed my eyes so I could focus on the feeling and realized I was smiling.

Colin pressed his finger in and out of me. It was an easy glide and didn't hurt at all. He wasn't rough. I'd been roughly stretched before and hadn't liked it, but I didn't need to say a word at all to Colin. He knew what he was doing.

Soon, two fingers penetrated me. I groaned aloud.

“Okay?” he asked.

“Yes, sir, Daddy. Please don’t stop.”

A chuckle. Then praise. “You’re such a pretty boy. You know it, don’t you?”

I wasn’t sure if I did or not. While I contemplated my answer, Colin added, “If you don’t know, then you’ll learn. You’ll learn to listen to me. You’ll learn to understand what you do to me, how you make me feel. That you’re a pretty boy. Very pretty. And one I hope will become all mine if you agree.”

I’d already agreed in my mind the first time we went out. I guess that made me an easy boy, too.

Fingers filled me up. His other hand brushed my balls, then grasped my cock and squeezed it twice. It was all so great. But I wanted more.

“I want to be yours, Daddy. Make me yours.”

His fingers left me. I was empty again. But not for long. I heard the rustle of clothing and the sizzle of a zipper. I lifted my head to peek.

Colin had taken off his shirt and was now pushing off his jeans. What I glimpsed at first was a startling beauty. He had round, tight muscles on starry tattooed arms. That’s what I noticed first. Arms were my favorite. Then I saw his chest, taut with firm pecs. He leaned forward and his shoulders were broad and perfect. He knelt up and I saw his flat stomach, and the way his waist met his straight hips but curved in just above his backside. I had a side view for a few seconds, enough to note his backside was rounded and perfect, just like the rest of him. And of course, I noticed his cock. It stretched out from a nest of dark curls, bouncing as he moved, the shaft thickly veined, dark, and the head beautifully rounded. He was big but not enormous.

I wanted to touch. I wanted to feel him inside me. All of him.

“Daddy, you’re beautiful.”

“Thank you, sweet boy.”

“I mean it. I can barely breathe to look at you.”

“You have to breathe, love. Otherwise, this is going to become very difficult.”

But it wasn’t difficult at all. Daddy Colin moved between my legs again and I lifted up. My cock was aching, wanting more. I wanted to come on that big, gorgeous dick.

I pressed my head back into the pillow and closed my eyes as I heard the squirt of more lube.

Soon—finally—he pressed his cock against my hole. He went slow. Too slow. I felt very naughty and demanding as I lifted my hips up in a quick jerk to take him faster into me.

“Such a bad boy,” Colin groaned, slurring the words. “So very, very bad.”

By his tone, I knew what that meant. He liked it. I was giving him pleasure by rocking forward and squeezing with my muscles.

When he was fully inside me, I squirmed, feeling good, but needing more. I could already feel the pleasure building.

“Oh baby, you feel fantastic.”

“Move, Daddy.”

“Yes, sir.” Colin mimicked my baby voice and began to thrust.

It was like a big wind moved through me, like my entire body was gasping at the way he pushed in and out of me. After a few tries, he angled himself perfectly to rub against my prostate with each thrust. That was when I became lost, the edges of my vision fizzing, fading.

I held Kornie tightly to me with one arm. With the other, I reached out and gripped my cock.

Colin pushed my hand away and I nearly cried until he replaced it with his own. I grabbed his wrist and held it while he jerked me and moved inside me at the same time. It was pure ecstasy.

“Daddy, I feel so big and so little at the same time.” My voice had turned babyish as the wonder of such pleasure took away my ability to control my little space.

“That’s okay, sweet boy. I’ve got you. I feel big. So big inside you. I’m going to come very soon.”

At his words, my own cock throbbed and jerked in his hand. The orgasm swooped over me like a cloud with soft hands snagging me, lifting me up and away from reality. My cock spurted all over my stomach and chest as Colin milked every drop of fluid from me.

Colin’s thrusts came faster. His cock seemed to get bigger, pressing my inner walls, making my still leaking cock bounce.

“Coming,” he announced.

“Are you coming hard, Daddy?”

“Yes.” He cried out. “So hard for you, not-a-baby.”

He stilled and I lifted my head so I could see his face. It went all dreamy and soft, not like the Colin I’d first seen in the club. His eyes rolled up. His dark hair fell back away from the sides of his head. He looked like a prince in a beautiful trance.

“Give everything to me, Daddy,” I whispered. “I want it.”

“Yesss.” He moaned and groaned a lot. Finally, he leaned forward and fell on top of me, his hands going on either side of me and catching most of his weight.

I grabbed him by the muscles of his upper arms. I could barely get my fingers around them; they were so bulging. I scratched him a little with my nails, trying to pull him close.

His cock slid from me and he turned onto his side, pulling me with him.

He took me into his arms. Our bare cocks touched for the first time. He kissed me over and over again as we basked in the golden afterglow of our first time together.

“How was that, not-a-baby?”

“The best I’ve ever felt. Fantastic.” I gulped. “And I have a confession to make.”

“Tell me.”

“I am a baby. Even when we do this. I want to be your baby, Daddy. Is it okay?”

“That’s the sweetest thing you could have said to me right now. I knew you were special from the first time I saw you, and I had to have you. I would love to be your daddy all the time, twenty-four-seven.”

“But I like your nickname for me, too, so sometimes you can still call me not-a-baby.”

He kissed me while trying to hold back a laugh, then pulled a few inches away so he could murmur, “When it’s called for, I will.”

“What we just did was not a baby thing, but I still felt little. It’s my first time feeling that.”

“Did you like it?”

“I loved it.”

“Then I hope to give you many more moments like that.”

“Yes, Daddy. Please, Daddy. I’m a greedy baby and I’ll always want more.”

I hugged Daddy tighter to me. Kornie was getting squished between our shoulders. Neither Kornie nor Daddy seemed to mind, though. All of it was good, better than good, better than every fantasy I’d ever had.

Page 21

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Colin

About two weeks later....

The first time I diapered Maddy, he and I both got so hard I sucked him dry right on the changing table in the playroom, then jerked off into his diaper. It was twisted and wonderful. Maddy laughed and wanted to do it again right away.

The next day, I formally introduced him to the playroom. He ran around touching everything, chattering about how he loved this toy or that, then finding another one he loved even more. He wanted popcorn from the popcorn machine. He wanted cotton candy from the cotton candy machine.

I stood in the middle of the room with my arms crossed.

He stopped running when he saw my stance. "What?" he asked.

"Before you get free rein in here, you must be officially and properly introduced to the room."

He grinned and walked toward me. "Yes, Daddy. Show me how."

He had already seen the gleam in my eye.

"Clothes off. Now."

Maddy didn't hesitate one second. Everything was in a neat pile. He now stood in

front of me in only his diaper.

“Come here to me.”

He walked forward until he faced me, an inch away.

“Up.” It was all I had to say before he was in my arms, his legs wrapped around me, his arms crossed behind my neck.

I carried him to the rocking horse. “This is my pride and joy. And it’s been waiting all this time for the right boy.”

Maddy turned his head so he could see. “It’s a very elegant horsey, Daddy.”

“Take a closer look.” I leaned in toward the saddle and watched Maddy’s eyes widen.

“Daddy, it has a unicorn horn. Like Kornie, only on its back.”

He had the best sense of humor of any boy I’d ever known.

“What else does it look like?”

He hemmed and hawed. Finally, he said, “A pee-pee.”

“That’s exactly correct, sweet boy. The rocking horse is for riding. And so is the pee-pee. It’s part of the saddle. Do you understand now?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Do you want to play?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Slide down, then. Let’s get that diaper off.”

Maddy obeyed, letting go of me, hands behind his back. I pulled the Velcro loose until his diaper fell away revealing his naked body and hard cock.

That was always a good sign. He wasn’t just saying he wanted to play to please me. He wanted it, too.

“Okay, now up we go again. Onto the horsey.” I lifted him up and he spread his legs and let himself sit in front of the dildo, his curvy ass nearly touching it.

“Daddy, I can’t.”

“Of course you can,” I said. I brought over a single step stool and got on it so I was closer to him.

“But I’m plugged.”

“Yes. We’ll take care of that. Put your feet in the stirrups. I think they’re adjusted just right for you to lift up a little.”

When he lifted himself, his ass came up.

“Higher,” I ordered. “Let me see that sweet ass.”

He lifted more and I praised him, gently stroking one smooth cheek. “Stick it out as much as you can.”

He obeyed and his cheeks spread. I reached between them, took hold of the jeweled

handle of the plug, and tugged. It slid out of him with a glob of lube on the tip. I spread it around his open hole.

“Now, balance with your knees and lower yourself. Slowly.”

Maddy rose up, knees tight against the wooden back, ass up, pink hole gaping wide open, ready and waiting to be filled again.

“Down you go, pretty baby,” I said. “The toy is the same size as the plug that was just inside you. It’s a gel toy, so it’s very soft but it won’t bend. It’s well-greased and won’t hurt.”

As I helped steer his body, Maddy lowered himself onto the phallus attached to the rocking horse’s saddle. I watched as his wet, open hole swallowed it inch by inch, my own cock aching at the sight.

He cried out in pleasure. A lot of oh-oh-ohs. His hard cock jutted up from between his legs. His hands clutched the edges of the wooden mane even though there were reins.

I stepped off the stool and went to the back of the horse.

“Ready?” I held the tail of the horse, made of synthetic golden hair. Grabbing and pulling that tail was one way to make the horse rock.

“Yes. Please! Rock me, Daddy. I want to play!”

I pulled the tail. The horse rocked back. Maddy was fully seated on the dildo now. As the horse went all the way back, its natural weight brought it forward when I let go. I watched Maddy lean in as he went with it. His ass naturally rose up when the horse went all the way forward, the dildo chasing his hole, keeping its tip inside him.

I pulled back again, and he jerked back onto the dildo, crying out. He held tight as he went back, his spine straightening, his hole sinking fully onto the phallus.

Slowly, I got up some speed to the rocking motions. The phallus never fully left Maddy's body. It was a perfect fit as he rocked. Maddy sang his pleasure loudly to the room as the gel cock went in and out of him, all greased and shiny, all for his ecstasy. And mine.

“Daddy, I love this horsey!”

I watched his hole expand and contract with every insertion. It was a turn-on like almost nothing else. My boy. His toy. His sexual heights of rapture.

When he began to cry out in earnest about coming and reached for his own hard cock, I stopped the rocking abruptly and went around the horse to his side.

“Up now.”

“No, Daddy. More. More!”

His cock was red and dripping at the tip. He was ready to come.

I went up on the stepstool and pushed lightly at his lower back. “Bend forward, boy. Do as I say. Lift up.”

The dildo made a soft squelch as he lifted up and off. I turned him to me on the saddle. His cock bobbed, looking painful. I reached up and he obediently slid into my arms, wrapping his legs around my waist and his arms around my neck.

I walked to the jungle alcove where the little boy bed was and lay him back on it. Before he could settle, I leaned down and slurped his hard cock into my mouth.

His hands were still on my shoulders, and they scratched me as he yelled.

As I suckled him, I drove my thumb into his still wide-open hole, feeling the wetness of the lube still there.

I bobbed up and down on that stiff, sweet cock until he burst into my mouth with loud screams.

I lifted off him with a big, wet pop of a suck, which drove him into a frenzy. As he was still spraying over his chest, I pushed his thighs back, lined up the dripping head of my own tingling cock and rammed it home.

“Daddy, yes! Put your pee-pee all the way. Go back and forth. In and out. Harder. Harder.”

He had been taught not to use the word fuck. But “fuck me” was what his words actually meant.

My cock was pulled into him. He was so ready. His muscles sucked me in, letting my shaft drag against the inner walls. I thrust slowly about three times, then juttied my hips faster, ramming all the way into him.

I knew when I pegged his prostate.

“I’m going to come again,” he cried.

I knelt over him, pushing in and out without stopping, my needy cock leading the way, controlling everything. My hands clutched the backs of his thighs, holding them up and over his body so he rolled back on his head, his ass higher in the air.

“Yes, baby. Yes.” My hips slapped his ass. I mumbled so many sweet nothings to

him, I lost track. I lost my mind.

“Touch, Daddy. Touch.”

I let go of one thigh, reached between his legs and wrapped my fingers around his cock. It was like a spear, hard in my hand, long and wanting. I milked him as he came hard, grunting, losing his breath.

He came in a heavy spray that sent me into awe. He was coming a second time as if he had not just spurted his sweetness into my hot, demanding mouth.

I pistoned my cock in and out of his squeezing hole, feeling the orgasm send me up and up, higher and higher until the kite string broke and I was soaring for a few blissful moments.

My cock throbbed and erupted deep inside him. I pushed hard, feeling him take me all the way, then bent over him and kissed him hard. “Baby, oh, baby.”

His hands went around my neck, fingers combing the edges of my hair. “Daddy. Daddy. Daddy,” he murmured.

When I could finally inhale again, I leaned up. Maddy stared at me with bright eyes. “Did you give it all to me?”

That single question caused my cock to jerk two more times inside him.

“Now I did.”

He closed his legs around my hips, hanging onto me with his ankles to keep me inside him as long as possible.

“Daddy, I love you so much.”

I kissed him open-mouthed for a long time. When I gasped for air, I huffed out my own sentiment in return. “I love you to the moon and back, baby boy. My baby.”

He grinned. “Bath next. Then diaper. Can I come again?”

“Maybe.”

“If you use Sharky, I’ll fill him up with my milk.”

“You have a dirty boy mouth.”

“I don’t, Daddy. I just need to be clear about it, that’s all. Sharky wants my worm for the milk. Or you could just put your mouth on me again and use your tongue to lick the tip before you suck it all the way down.”

“That’s very clear and detailed.” I kissed his nose, making him laugh.

“Good.” He hugged his legs tighter.

I stayed inside him until my cock softened.

I was ready for a bath, too. And maybe some more play myself. I wasn’t twenty-one anymore, but Maddy brought out the best in me. I’d never come so much in one night than with my boy.

It was meant to be. All the difficulties, all the wonder, and all in such a short time.

Yes, it was definitely meant to be.

Epilogue One

Maddy

Six months later....

Daddy loved to take pictures of me with his phone. Sometimes when I was lying in bed almost asleep or in the tub during a shark attack or standing naked and contemplating the closet full of clothes he'd bought me, I'd hear the click of his phone. I didn't mind at all, and he shared everything with me.

I'd moved in with him six months ago and the bond between us kept growing. There was no shortage of electricity in our love for each other, no limits to our individual sex drives or our needs to explore everything daddy and little related. We complemented each other well in that arena.

Every picture Daddy took, he sent to my phone so I'd have a copy, too. I often browsed through them while he was at work to remind myself of how much he cared for and loved me, and how much of a baby I really was.

I scrolled to find my favorites.

My first favorite was of me in the playroom wearing a diaper and sitting on the huge rocking horse. I had pictures of the horsey's upside-down pee-pee inserted inside me, too, but the diaper one was my favorite. That day, Daddy had lifted me up high to reach the golden seat and the horse was so tall I was always afraid I'd fall. At first. Then I got used to it and it became one of my best toys. My diaper had been a soft

baby blue one in the photo. I wore nothing else. My hair was wild, sticking out in all directions. I had the biggest smile on my face as I straddled the giant horse. Daddy rocked it for me and oh how I'd squealed and laughed until I undid my diaper and asked for the lube for a proper horsey sitting.

My second favorite was of me in a bubble bath, all shiny and wet. I was playing with my favorite tubbie toys, a fleet of plastic yachts. But that wasn't the reason the picture was my favorite. Amid all the fun toys and bubbles, my pee-pee stood straight up and the pink, glistening head peeked out from between two islands of bubbles. I had an expression on my face like I'd just come, though that hadn't happened until after the bath ended. No Sharky that day. It was so sexy and I looked so happy.

My third favorite was of me sleeping. I seemed so young with my eyes closed and my body curled around Kornie in Daddy's bed. Daddy's bed was huge. I was almost lost in the sea of crisp white sheets. I had to admit I looked adorable with my long lashes feathering my cheeks and my hair pushed up against the pillow. I had finally learned to believe it when Daddy called me pretty.

I wasn't a vain boy, but Daddy had praised me so much in the past months that I'd learned to accept and love myself when before it had been difficult for me. It was healthy, Daddy told me. I should not be ashamed to admit I looked beautiful in the photos, or that I was in every way his dream boy, his perfect little.

There was no doubt at all that Daddy was my perfect fantasy come to life.

"I'm such a lucky boy," I told Daddy when he came home from work late in the night. I'd been waiting up for him on the living room couch wearing nothing but my birthday suit.

"I'm a lucky daddy," he replied.

My little self teared up at his words. He kissed me, gently dried my face, then carried me naked to the changing table in the playroom where he powdered my ass and put lotion on my cock before fastening the diaper around my hips. With my arms around his neck and my legs wrapped around his waist, he carried me to bed and tucked me in.

He climbed in by my side and turned out the light.

“Sweet dreams, my adorable not-a-baby.” Then he kissed me to sleep.

Page 23

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:30 am

Epilogue Two

Colin

Two months after Epilogue One....

We walked up a snow-lined pathway to the big doors of the gothic mansion. Before we could knock, a man in a tuxedo with tails opened the door.

“My name is Quinn. Welcome. And Merry Christmas, sirs.”

We’d come to Farmerville for Christmas. To the home of Trent and Ozzy Winterbourne. To the site of the biggest Christmas tree decorating contest in the entire state.

Maddy was bubbling over in excitement. “Is Ozzy here?”

“Yes, Master Ozzy is in residence at this home,” Quinn answered formally.

“Yay!” Maddy clapped his hands and jumped up and down.

“Good to meet you, Quinn,” I said.

Quinn nodded, a little smile coming to his eyes. “You are both welcome. I’ll send someone to get your luggage.” He stood to the side, opening the door wider and motioning us inside.

“There’re wrapped gifts in the trunk,” I said.

He nodded and held out his hand for the fob. I set it into his palm.

I took Maddy’s hand and led him into the shadowy interior of the huge mansion.

“Wow, this place is so gigantic!” Maddy squeezed my fingers. “It looks like a museum.”

I had to agree. The huge front room was the size of an apartment, a large apartment. It seemed to go back forever. My house was big, and my living room could fit into this one four times over.

There was art with ornate frames on every wall, and furniture and tables everywhere filled with sculptures, crystals, clocks, books.

Two huge, wide staircases led up and up on either side of the room, no doubt going to different wings of the house. Beside each set of staircases towered two gigantic Christmas trees laden with lights and ornaments.

To the right, I saw movement. Ozzy and Trent were walking hand in hand down the brocaded stairs. Trent wore his usual, a black suit. Ozzy had on sparkling colors from head to toe. Glitter jeans. A long-sleeved shirt with a pink dog holding a rainbow balloon. Sneakers that lit up at the soles. It seemed he had similar tastes to Maddy.

“The master of the house has arrived.” Quinn’s voice sounded almost sarcastic. It was funny, though. My instincts had me liking him right away.

As we moved forward into the big room, I heard singing from far-off.

Quinn rolled his eyes. “That would be my husband, Drev. He sings while he cooks. He’s a very good cook, so we put up with it.”

Trent and Ozzy had stepped onto the first floor by then. Trent came toward us, saying, “He’s also a very good singer.”

“So which do you put up with, his cooking or his singing?” I asked, feeling somewhat punchy after our long drive.

“Both.” Trent and Quinn answered at the same time.

Everyone burst out laughing.

Maddy, bowed his head. “Hi, Mr. Trent, sir. Hi, Ozzy.”

“Hello, Maddy. You look well,” Trent said.

“Hi, Maddy,” Ozzy said, coming closer and holding his hand out to Maddy.

They shook, then hugged, giggling at their formality. The bond they’d seemed to have formed in such a short time back at Club 99 that fateful night they’d met had bloomed back into being as if they’d never left each other’s side. It was always like that when we four got together.

“Daddy, can I show Maddy the house?”

Trent nodded, brow low. “You may show him anything you like, little one. You keep forgetting this is your home, now, too, as much as it’s mine.”

Ozzy’s eyes got very big. “It’s Daddy’s house first, though.”

Trent smiled at him, then stretched out a hand and cupped his cheek. “It was. But not now. Not anymore.”

Ozzy bit his lower lip as if to shorten his smile. I knew when he smiled it took over

his whole face.

“Can I go, Daddy?” Maddy asked.

“Yes. Go on.”

Trent and I watched the boys go off. Then he turned to me. “Would you like a drink?”

“I would. It was a long drive. Maddy napped part of the way. I was driving.”

“You deserve a drink, then.”

He led me to a smaller room with much more comfortable looking furniture, soft and plush couches with electronic controls to turn each section into EZ chairs. I sat gratefully while Trent went to an open bar along one wall and asked me what I wanted to drink.

I didn’t drink all that much. But this was the Christmas holiday. Christmas was still a week away, but I was going to celebrate. Starting now.

“Vodka.”

Trent snickered. “You’re a martini guy. When you drink, that is. Coming up.”

As he made the drink, Trent said, “I’m glad you came. Ozzy has been looking forward to seeing Maddy so much. And I miss my friend, too.”

Trent and I had gotten tighter after Maddy’s near-death encounter with Griff. We texted often. We video chatted at least once a week to catch up on each other’s lives. Plus, he and Ozzy had visited my house several times. This was the first time we were visiting one of his homes. This one, in fact, was his childhood home. Passed

down through generations of Winterbournes. It even had the name Winterbourne on the gate that led into the vast estate.

Trent brought our drinks over and handed me mine, then sat beside me.

We got a lot of shallow gossip out of the way first. Then we began talking about ourselves. Our lives.

“How are things with Ozzy?” I knew his boy had suffered a lot of trauma. Every day was about taking care of his boy, building reassurance and trust, and just plain loving him.

“He’s beautiful. This may seem like a big mansion full of ghosts and shadows, but Ozzy blooms here. More and more. Our relationship is solid. He’s my forever boy. Christmas is his favorite time of year.”

“Yours, too? I mean, the Christmas tree contest you sponsor and all that... it’s not hard to see.”

“I do love it. Even more now that Ozzy’s here. He helped me heal, too.”

I knew that. We’d talked so much over the past months. I’d never felt closer to anyone before, except Maddy.

“How are you and Maddy?” Trent asked.

“Maddy is so resilient. He seems unaffected by Griff and all that went down. My protective instincts came to full force and never really went back down after that night. But Maddy likes me that way. I don’t want to smother him, but the more I do, the more he tells me he loves me.”

Trent laughed quietly. “It’s a beautiful thing. Love. I thought I’d never find it again.”

Trent had had a twin brother he'd loved more than life itself. That brother had died. No one could replace a twin, I figured. It was a unique bond. But to see him and Ozzy together, it was like light falling all around them from the way their love exuded from their very bodies.

"I was looking for it all my life. Nothing worked. Not boys. Not subs. Not vanilla." I rolled my eyes. "But Maddy just walked into the club and gave me a look I have never forgotten."

"If it's not too personal to ask, will you get married do you think?"

I nodded. "He wants a ring."

"So did Ozzy."

"And as good daddies, we get them whatever they want, eh?"

Trent laughed. "So true." He gazed off into the air. "I would give that boy the world."

"Me, too," I said. "The whole world. Leave it to two boys to make two confirmed bachelors lovestruck."

"It's not something you can manufacture or predict. It happens when it happens," Trent said.

"That's so right." I laughed again. "Listen to us, sounding like two romantics."

"Nothing wrong with that. It's another lesson Ozzy taught me."

We lifted our heads as two lilting, excited voices drifted our way through the open double doors. Maddy and Ozzy came walking down the hall and entered.

“Daddy!” Maddy came running to me, nearly knocking over my drink as he attempted to land himself in my lap. “This place is awesome! There are secret rooms and stuff, too. And outside is the most beautiful Christmas tree forest ever!”

“That’s fantastic. I can’t wait to see.” I ran my fingers through his hair.

I couldn’t wait to celebrate all of this with my baby boy. Before we came, Trent had asked if there was anything special we needed for our stay. We were to have a separate apartment in the house all to ourselves.

I requested a room be set up as a playroom complete with diaper changing station, among other amenities. He said he would accommodate everything on my list. I was eager to check it all out with Maddy. Plus, we could not resist buying lavish gifts from Santa for our boys.

It was going to be a wonderful time with special people who had become an extension of our new family.

Early in the year, I had been alone, married to my job, frustrated with my non-existent love life. Now, I had everything I could ever have dreamed of. More, in fact.

Maddy leaned against my chest, scratching absently at my shirt. “Juice, Daddy, please?”

“Coming up.”

“I’ll get it,” Trent said. Ozzy sat with one leg draped over his lap.

“Nope. He’s my boy. I’ll get it.” I set Maddy aside. He was smiling, being good. He folded his hands in his lap and sat up straight, waiting.

“It’s in the fridge behind the bar,” Trent said. “All kinds both for boys and for mixing

drinks.”

I got the juice and headed back to my boy. Maddy was still sitting like the best boy in the entire world. Patiently waiting. I handed him the juice box with the straw already in it.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re welcome.” I sat beside him. Caring for my boy was such a joy. A familiar tingle traveled throughout my body. That sort of celebration would have to wait until tonight.

Maddy hadn’t taken a drink from his juice yet. He looked up at me. “Daddy?”

“Yes?”

“I love you. Thank you for bringing us here. Thank you for the juice.”

Trent smiled at me behind Maddy, running his hand up and down Ozzy’s back.

“You’re welcome, baby boy. I love you, too.”

“I know.”

Ozzy and Trent burst out laughing. Maddy was just that cute.

Maddy took a sip of his juice, then said, “Can I go play with Ozzy now? He has a lot of toys. And he wants to know where Kornie is. I left him in the car, Daddy. Can I go get him?”

Trent broke in. “All your belongings have been taken up to your private apartment. He’s probably up there.”

“Thank you,” Maddy said. “Now I know he’s safe.”

“All right,” I said. “You can go play if it’s okay with Trent.”

“All right,” Trent echoed.

Ozzy stood up at the same time Maddy did. They linked hands and ran off together giggling.

“What a handful,” Trent said.

“Such is my life. And I wouldn’t trade it for anything.”

THE END